SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *his* Honorable lifes commendation, and his Tragicall Deathes lamentation.

* * *

Conamur tenues, grandia.

Newly Printed with additions.

AT OXFORD,

Printed by Ioseph Barnes, and are to bee solde in Paules Church-yard at the signe of the Bible.

1596.

TO THE BEAVTEOVS, AND vertuous Lady ELIZABETH, late wife untothe highlie renowmed SIR FRANCIS DRAKE *deceaſed*.

DIvorc'd by Death, but wedded ſtill by Love,
(For Love by Death can never be divorced)
Loe *Englands* Dragon, thy true turtle Dove,
To ſeeke his make, is now againe enforced.
Like as the Sparrow from the Caſtrels ire
Made his Aſylum in the Wiſe-mans fiſt:
So he, and I his tongueſ-man, doe require
Thy ſanctuarie, Envie to reſiſt.
So may heroique DRAKE, whoſe worth gave wings
Vnto my Muſe, that nere before could flie,
And taught her tune theſe harſh diſcordant ſtrings,
A note above her rurall minſtralſie,
Live in himſelfe, and I in him may live,
Thine eies to both vitalitie ſhall give.

Your Ladiſhips vertues devoted,

CHARLES FITZ-GEFFREY.

To C. F.

ONce dead, and twiſe alive, thriſe worthie DRAKE,
And worthie thou by whome he lives againe:
O would that thou who him alive doſt make,
A life unto thy ſelfe by him might'ſt gaine!
But if thou canſt not get this for thy paine,
Yet will I offer heart and pen to thee,
And if one faile, the other thine ſhalbe.

Sure one will faile; the other thine ſhalbe,
Admitting thee into her chiefeſt part;
Wiſhing that art with nature would agree,
To ioine an able pen with loving hart,
That to the world ſhee might her minde impart:
So hart imagine ſhould, and art indite,
And art and hart ſhould both thy praiſes write.

But now let DRAKE, unto whoſe ſhrine thou fingeſt
Theſe lamentable accents on his tombe,
Retribute part to thee of that thou bringeſt,
And make thee famous, though himſelfe be dumbe;
So by thy praiſing, ſhall thy prayſes come:
Then let thy ſwan-ſweet verſe ſing to a DRAKE,
And that which makes him, ſhall thee famous make.

Richard Rous.

To C. F.

WHen to the bankes of ſweete *Elyſium*
Came worthy DRAKE, to get his paſſage there,
The ferriman denied his ghoſt to come,
Before his exequies ſolemniz'd were:
But none t' adorne his funerall hearſe did prove;
And long he ſate vpon the hapleſſe ſhoare,
Vntill thy Muſe (whome pittie ſtill did move)
Helpt thee to riſe, and him to reſt no more:
And ſent her mournefull teares vnto his ghoſt,
And ſweete (though ſad) complaintes, as exequies,
Paſſing him to thoſe fields which long he loſt,
And won his ſoule the ioy, thy pen the priſe:
So ſtill thy funeralles ſhall adorne his name,
And ſtill his funeralles ſhall enlarge thy fame.

Francis Rous.

To .C.F.

MAny greate Honours, many a verteous prize
DRAKE wonne, unto his foemens greate diſeaſe;
And many ſoules, and ſhips did ſacrifize
Vnto the irefull Regent of the ſeas:
But Tymes hard yron-teeth have worne out theſe
He wrate his vertues in the liquid mayne,
New waves ſtill raiſing what he wrate in vaine.

But well haſt thou, fayre friende, with ſtronger quill
Incarved them in time-rebating braſſe;
That Fame might through the world reſound them ſtill,
As farre as DRAKES large Sepulcher doth paſſe,
That all might knowe how greate his glorie was:
Well haſt thou raught from that infernall lake
The high deſerts of now-immortall DRAKE.

And well haſt thou, by penning forth his ſtory
In golden lines of Æviternitie,
Gain'd to thy ſelfe a like immortall glory:
O goodly meede to learnings votarie!
O ſacred force of tongue-tun'd melodie!
Whoſe ſugred words can force the dead to riſe,
The living ſave, and both immortallize.

Thomas Mychelborne.

To the Author.

ENglands Vlyßes, ſlaine by mortall fates,
His bodie *Tethys* caught within her armes,
Jove plac'd his ſoule amid the heavenlie ſtates,
Setting him free from fortune-toſſing harmes,
From *Scylla's* gulfes, and *Circes* deadlie charmes:
And both did chuſe a place to keepe his pray,
Tethys her lap, but *Jove* the Milke-white Waye:

Yet ſhall his fame, his worth, his worthy deedes,
Eterniz'd by thy verſe, amonge us dwell;
And whatſoever after-age ſucceedes,
Ynto poſteritie the fame ſhall tell,
And make thy prayſes with his owne excell:
Time, that doth all things elſe in time devoure,
Shall never have thy name within his power.

Old GEFFREY CHAVCER, *Englands* auncient Muſe,
And mirrour of the times that did enſue,
Yeelded to death, that nere admits excuſe;
But now in thee he ſeemes to live a newe,
(If grave *Pythagoras* ſage ſawes be true:)
Then ſith old GEFFREY'S ſpirite lives in thee,
Rightlie thou named art FITZ-GEFFERY.

AD DRACVM.

VVEepe not greate *Alexander*, worthy DRAKE,
Becauſe Fames herauld (*Homer*) liv'd before thee;
Lo, *Homer* liveth, thee alive to make,
Reſtor'd to life, to life for to reſtore thee,
And for thy vertues, cauſe the world t' adore thee:
He living caus'd dead *Orpheus* image ſweate,
But *Orpheus* image lives, and gives thee heate.

Matchleſſe he cals thee; true: yet he hath matcht thee,
Suting thy royall acts with royall verſe:
By ſea, by land, at every turne he watcht thee:
What haſt thou done that he doth not rehearſe,
With all thy vertues flowres t' adorne thy hearſe?
And maugre Envi's guts, gainſt tales untrue
Of lying *Mercury*, gives thy Fame her due.

Featelie, and well his pen befits thy hand;
His Muſe beſeemes thy *Mars*, thy minde his ſp'rite;
By thee his praiſe, by him thy praiſes ſtand;
Thy fewell, his flame, his glaſſe thy face makes bright,
As colours actuated are by light:
Two names I finde, I knowe not which to take,
Wheth'r DRAKE's *Fitz-geffrey*, or *Fitz-geffrey's* DRAKE.

Worthies, proceede, let Poets blaze your name:
Poet, proceede ſuch Worthies ſo to raiſe:
Mercury, ſpoile not our Worthies of their fame:
Momus, detract not from our Poets praiſe:
Reader beware the fault of theſe raſh daies;
Suſpend thy verdite, cenſure not in haſt,
But ere thou iudge the firſt, firſt reade the laſt.

To the Reader.

COurteous or captious Reader (Whether, I know not, becauſe I heare thee not reade, nor reading cenſure) of cuſtome, rather then occaſion, permit me to detaine thine eies awhile with the ſurveying of theſe few ſuperfluous lines, ere thou farther defixe them on this impoliſhed Poeme. If any faulte were committed, becauſe in the firſt edition this was omitted; impute it rather to timiditie, in too litle daring, then to temeritie, in too much preſuming on thy clemencie; chooſing rather to omitt ſome thing that might adorne, then commit any thing that might offend. But now more animated by the curteſies of the ingenuous, then amated with the cavils of the iniurious and alſo provoked rather then perſwaded by the Printer to a ſeconde impreſſion, I have imboldned my ſelfe to preſent it againe to the eie of the world, preſuming no farther then before on thy patience, ſaue with this epiſtles admonitions, and ſome few other additions: theſe, thine owne ſagacitie will ſmell out quicklie; the other, I will here ſet downe (as I may) ſuccinctlie. Firſt I deprecate the note of improvident, if not impudent andacitie, in that I, who never ſlept in *Pernaſſus* with *Heſiod*, neither (with the Satyriſt) ever liquoriſht my chamfred lips with the pure Chriſtaline *Aganippe*, ſhould take on me (eſpeciallie in this

golden

golden age of Poetry) to bringe Owles to *Athens*, Crocodiles to *Nilus*, and Swans to *Thames*, who se *Castalian* bankes are embordered with more Muses then *Helicon*, more *Graces* then *Greece*, more admirable conceited Poets, then the flouriſhing age of *Auguſtus*; and if I needes muſt bee doing, that I ſhould thus audaciouſly adventure at firſt on this loftie ſubiect of that ever-highly but never-ſufficiently honored & admired S. F. DRAKE, of whom the beſt cannot write too loftilie, nor the loftieſt too worthily, nor the worthieſt ſufficiently, who better deſerveth a *Homer* then *Achilles*, a *Virgil* then *Æneas*, an *Ennius* then the great *African*, and woulde not rather begin with a gnat, as *Virgil* did, or the battle of frogs, as *Homer* did, or with ſome amorous preludiate preambles, as *Ennius* did; as the Falcon doth

Firſt flagge a while her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe her ſelfe for ſtronger flight can breath.

Theſe ſuſpicions of temeritie I intreat the indifferēt Reader not to impute unto me: For I write not volūtarily, but fatally; neither did I ſeeke occaſion, but occaſion ſought me; and ſeeking (when it could no other) found me; and finding (when none beſide would) enforced me to advēture on a matter ſo far beyond my feeble capacitie.

Ecce iacent omnes, Nævole dic aliquid.

Well

To the Reader.

Well could I wish (if in so wishing I did well) that this larum-bell of death and destruction had not so suddenlie and sorrowfullie sounded that shrill peale of horrour and desolation in the harts of all true harted *English*, wherewith if now I had not awaked I might have slept securelie in the close Cabinet of silence longer then *Endimion* or *Epimenides*. But now seeing necessitie urgeth so extreamelie, that either I must seeme culpeable of presumption or vertue ly drowned in the *Lethe* of oblivio, I (mindfull of the *Lacedemonian*, who when he had betrothed a wife of small stature, saide merilie, of evills the least is to be chosen) thought it best

When better choises were not to be had
Of force to chuse the seeming best of bad.

Farther I admonish or rather entreate thee (curteous Reader) not preiudicatelie to subscribe to the censures of the captious *Zoilists*, of whome I may truely say that a country-man of ours unluckely said of that revered *Erasmus*, *Quantum gloriæ detraxerit aliis, tantum ad se accessisse putat.* He saith it wanteth method, and therefore is not compendious, it is obscure, and therefore tedious, full of fixions, and therefore ridiculous,

With such poore crimes as shew his spite is sounde
And yet bewray his matter wanteth ground.

But

To the Reader.

But I cannot ſtand to make an Apollogie, therfore I leave him to his follie, and my Muſe to her fortune. I have prefixed ſome few verſes out of ſũdry late Latine Poets (who have worthilie mẽtioned this our Worthie in their writings) partlie to ſupplie the ſuperfluitie of vacant paper, partlie to upbraide our *Engliſh*-men, whoſe negligence hath left him unremẽbred. And thus (kinde & curteous) as the poorer of the *Spartans* brought their young childrẽ unto their *Feſche* (a publique place among them ordeined to that purpoſe) where the towardeſt were bought up and brought up, the reſt reiected and caſt out: ſo I, an impotent parent to mayntaine my infant, preſent him to your publique view; if he ſeeme amiable, affect him, if he prove toward, protect him, if he diſlike reiect him, ſo may you ſave that ſhould be waſted, he wãder as a vagabound, I grieue that I begat an out-caſt, and ceaſe hereafter to bring forth any more ſuch improfitable ympes.

Broade-Gates. Novemb. 17. 1596.

C. F.

Nicholaus Eleutherius in Triumphal. &c.

FOrtunate DRACO, *nunquam tua fama fatiſcet,*
Nunquam honor areſcet, laurus ceu Delia nunquam
Frondibus abſiſtit proprium ſervare vigorem:
Æternùm vives, exeſa teredine pinus
Vt tandèm penitùs longinquo marceat ævo:
Tu pelagi Deus alter eris: Fas, maxima Tethys
Vnam Nereidum tibi deſpondere laborat.

Id. ibid. ad Sereniſſ. Regin. Angl.

Ignivomum opponis præcincta claſſe DRACONEM
Velivoli ſcitum ſalis, Oceaniq; viarum:
Leucothoë læto ſequitur quem proſpera vultu,
Frondibus Aoniis crines incincta decoros:
Enantem Thameſi cycni comitantur ovantes,
Cæruleus Triton concham intonat ore canoro.

Iulius Riparius Tiburtinus.

Siccine Eliſæ animus vobis, ſic notus, Iberi,
DRACVS *erat? quoties illum maria invia nautis,*
Ignotoſq; ſinus, alioq; ſub orbe repoſta
Et vix audaci auditis tentanda COLVMBO
Regna cita penetraſſe rati? veſtroſq; colonos.

Et

Et clade ingenti & gazâ multâ laſſe ſuperbâ,
Et tandem patriæ incolumem ſe reddere terræ?
Neu vos imperij ſpecies tueantur inanes,
Quâ ſe Romuleis rex ille ſecuribus audet
Veſtire, & Æmathijs cetras præferre ſariſſis;
Vnus hic effecit: patrio cum littore claſſem
In veſtri advertit princeps penetralia regni,
Littoraq;, & latos campos non agmine magno
Percurrens, cuncta eſt ferro populatus, & igni,
Aggeribus q;, alias arces & milite fido
Munitas æquavit humo: non quâ arte ſolebat
Portarum duros Macedo perfringere vectes,
Moliriq;, ſeras & ferrea clauſtra Pelaſgûm,
Quâ q;, ſolet vectes populos ſuperare Tyrannus,
Illius tantùm vitiorum & nominis hæres,
Longè alius DRACI *mos eſt, tuaq;, æra,* PHILIPPE,
Non pace ignavâ ſed fortibus adpetit armis,
Datq;, auro leges, non leges ſumis ab auro.

Huldricus Caſsianus.

Qui regum regem te ſemper, Ibere, putaſti,
Anglica iam vinci poſſe virago docet.
Spe tua iam totum claſſis præceperat orbem,
Sed novus hanc forti devorat arte DRACO.
Aëre fama refert celſo volitare DRACONES,
Nunc DRACO *te mediis mergit & urit aquis.*
Hunc tibi flagrantem gelidis Neptunus in undis
Texit, & exitio fovit, Ibere, tuo.

Hiſpanus varios Leo terruit ante Leones,
Nunc Hiſpane novo victe DRACONE *iaces.*

D. G. G. L. E.

DRACONE, *quem Regina claſſi præficit,*
An ullus eſt peritior?
Seu nauticus ſit edomandus impetus,
Pedeſtris aut exercitus?
Nam ſeu volandum eſt palmulis, ſeu linteo,
Nec linteo nec palmulis
Potis eſt DRACONIS *ulla navem conſequi,*
Nec vim DRACONIS *fallere:*
Teſtatur hoc ſinus minoris Adriæ,
Teſtantur hoc & Cyclades:
Euxini Neptune & Tomitani ſalis
Neptune, tibi iſthæc nota ſunt.
Noſces DRACONEM *Hiſpane, noſces Anglicos*
Animos, & invictas manus:
En fortis urget te DRACO, *tibi*
En obiicit robur virum:
Tete catenis illigabit, te DRACO
Damnabit atro carcere.
Quæ tu minatus es Britannis vincula,
Hæc ipſe victus indues.

Ioh. Tolmerus in Naumachia.

DRAKIVS *irrumpens horrendum fulminat armis;*

DRAKIVS *insignis bello, quem expertus Iberus*
Sæpiùs, atq; Indus, domiti quem debita mundi
Alterius cælo sublimem gloria tollit.

Th. Watsonus Londin. Amint. Gaud:
Epist. 5.

Ille DRACVS, *lacero qui dicta pondera ligno*
Imponit Thamesi.

Hæc ferè sunt quæ de DRACO *nostro*
apud exoticos poetas
leginus.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE HIS HONORABLE LIFES commendation, and his tragicall deathes lamentation.

* *
*

DARKE night, the sov'raigne of *Cymmerian* black,
Th' inhabitant of pitchie *Acheron*,
Mounted upon *Alastors* snakie backe,
From *Tænarus* (her blacke pavilion)
Rides through the world in sad progression:
Dew-dropping mists, and darkenesse duskie bloome
Attende, as Heraulds, to proclaime her roome.

Blinde *Vesperugo*, cloath'd in sable shade,
(Night's cloudie harbinger, colde *Hesperus*)
Runs on before, to see that waie be made;
And being authorized her Prodromus,
Rides on the vulture-bearing *Caucasus*,
Vailing the golden tapers of the light,
And bids *Olympus* entertaine the night.

Sir Francis Drake.

Shee briſtling up her leaden-plated creſt
Of feathers, broader then the Dragons wings,
Whoſe ſpace diſioines the *Lycaonian* beaſt
From *Cynoſure*, whoſe praiſe the ſea-man ſings,
That ſhee as patroneſſe directs his rings;
Enclaſpeth with her winged eminence
The worlds orbicular circumference.

Now only is ſhee earth's high Monarcheſſe,
And tirannizeth ore this maſſie rounde:
For he, whoſe puiſſance quel'd her monſtrouſneſſe,
Enchaining her beneath the waightie grounde,
By deathes fierce Heben trident hath his wounde,
Repaying unto greedy deſtinie,
The int'reſt of his life-lent uſurie.

Drownd is the day-ſtar in th' *Heſperian* deepes,
The radiant *Eos* of white *Albion:*
Tithonus love-laſſe, faire *Aurora*, weepes,
And day-reducing *Phoſphorus* doth mone,
That he unto the other world is gone;
Denying them the traffique of his ſight,
From whoſe faire luſtre they deriv'd their light.

Sir Francis Drake.

See how *Apollo* taſkes his wearied teames
Vnto the Occidentall Axeltree,
Making th' Horizon maſke in ſable ſeames,
Abandoning the earth from mirth and glee,
Swearing it never more his lamps ſhall ſee,
But meanes (except the fates his wrath appeaſe)
To live immur'd amonge th' *Antipodes.*

As when he left th' *Olympique* ſtarrie rockes,
Living an exile long in *Theßalie*:
And neere *Amphryſus* fed *Admetus* flocks,
Only accompaned with *Mercurie*:
Or when for *Phäetons* ſad tragedie,
Enrag'd with paſſionate woe he fell at ods
With thundring *Jove*, and all the minor-Gods.

But now nor *Clymenes* audacious boy
Torne by the morning-breathing horſes rage;
Nor *Amyclean Hyacinth*'s annoy
Cauſe this his griefe, impatient of aſſwage;
Theſe woes long ſince gave place to time and age:
The paines that now exagitate his ſoule,
Time cannot tame, nor ſwan-white age controule.

Sir Francis Drake.

He, from whoſe ſunne the ſunne deriv'd his ſhine,
(As doth his ſiſter-planet from his light,)
Whilome then criſtall far-more criſtalline,
Now is oppreſt with deaths eternall night,
Exempt from intercourſe of *Phœbus* ſight;
Who wailes his loſſe, but ſollaced in this,
That his immortall ſoule ſurvives in bliſſe.

The Gods *Pandora*, heavens bright firmament,
Faire *Albions* bulwarke, caſtle of defence,
The worldes rare wonder, th' earths rich ornament,
Harts adamant, mindes ſacred excellence,
Wiſedomes grave *Delphos*, vertues quinteſſence;
Right perfect workmanſhip of ſkilfull nature,
Some ſemi-God, more then a mortall creature:

Great God of proweſſe, thunderbolt of war,
Bellona's darling, *Mars* of chivalrie,
Bloudy *Enyo's* champion, foe-mens feare,
Fames ſtately Pharus, map of dignitie;
Joves pearle, pearls pride, prides foe, foes enemie;
Spaine-ſhaking feaver, regent of wars thunder,
Vndaunted DRAKE, a name importing wonder:

All

Sir Francis Drake.

All this, yea thriſe a thouſand times and more
Than this untold, though Angels eloquence,
Though all the ſoules of Poets heretofore,
And moderne Muſes made their reſidence
In mortall mould, to pen his excellence;
More then all arts Arithmetique can ſumme,
Ay me! are now enclos'd in DRAKES rich tombe.

Tombe? ah no tombe, but *Neptunes* froathing waves:
Waves? ah no waves, but billow-rowling ſeas:
Seas? ah no ſeas, but honour's hallowed graves:
Graves? ah no graves, but bones eternall eaſe:
Eaſe? ah no eaſe, but reſt borne to diſpleaſe:
What ere it be where worthy DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

If Deitie in earth can be enrold,
Or maie participate with brickle claie,
Or can be compas'd with ſo fraile a mould,
Or be inveſted in ſo baſe aray,
As tranſitorie fleſh borne to decay:
Then whereſoere it be that DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

Sir Francis Drake.

If Deitie may be a thing created,
The quainteſt workemanſhip of ſkilfull nature;
Or by a parliament of Gods enacted,
Or be apropriated to a creature,
Omnipotent *Joves* richeſt architecture:
Then whereſoere it be that DRAKE doth lie,
That ſacred ſhrine entombes a Deitie.

But if mans ſoule his Deitie define;
Which is an eſſence metaphyſicall,
Immortall, heaven-infuſed, and divine;
And fleſh be but a priſon temporall,
That for a ſeaſon holdes the ſoule in thrall:
Then in DRAKE s tombe doth this his priſon lie,
But heavens bright ſhrine containes his Deitie.

O who will leade me to that two-topt mountaine,
The *Heliconian* Muſes laureat hill?
Who will conduct me to that ſacred fountaine,
Whence ſoule-infuſing *Nectar* doth diſtill,
That Poets ſp'rites with winged furies fill:
Where naked *Graces* uſe to bathe and ſwim,
While *Nymphs* and *Fairies* daunce about the brim.

Where

Sir Francis Drake.

Where no *Actæon* ſtragling through the fields,
Defiles thoſe *Dian's* with polluted eies;
No *Pyrenëus* this chaſt forreſt yelds,
Whoſe ſugred words and ſoothing flatteries
Ioyn'd with conſtraint, would cauſe them wantonize:
No ſuch polluted peſſaunts haunt theſe places;
For luſt is ſacriledge unto the *Graces*.

Phœbus faire wel-ſprings, fountaines criſtall-bright,
Oile of invention, Poets paradiſe,
Impreſſures of conceite, ſap of delight,
Soules ſweete Emplaſtrum, unguent of the eies,
Drops, making men with Gods to ſympathize,
Baths of the Muſes, *Hebes* ſugred wine,
Pure *Helicon*, the very name divine.

Mount me, faire offſpring of *Mnemoſyne*,
Vpon *Bellerophon's* winde-winged ſteede;
Lift up my leaden ſp'rite, *Euphroſyne*,
Above the pitch of paſtors rurall reede:
For he that ſings of matchleſſe DRAKE, had needs
To have all *Helicon* within his braine,
Who in his hart did all heavens worth containe.

Sir Francis Drake.

No common theame is ſubiect of my verſe,
One Muſe cannot ſuffice to pen this ſtorie:
He that intends DRAKES merites to rehearſe,
And pen the proceſſe of his famous glorie,
Should in his hart all Muſes ſpirites carrie:
Yet all inferiour to his worthines,
Whoſe ſoule did all the Worthies ſp'rites poſſeſſe.

Audacious infant, proud preſumptuous boye,
That dares preſume to name with faltring tongue,
And voice untaught to tune an humble laye,
A name which thundring *Zephyrus* hath ſong,
And thouſand Echo's through the world have ronge:
With Fames triumphant trumpet often ſpred,
From th' Artique to th' Antartique famoſed.

None but old *Atlas* heaven-up-holding armes,
Or greate *Alcides'* adamantine breſt,
To whoſe exploites all Poets finge alar'mes,
Should under-prop the Axel of the weſt,
And wield the heavē that DRAKES name hath addreſt;
Whoſe waight will bruiſe the ſhoulders of the weake:
Let children ceaſe of ſuch exploites to ſpeake.

Yet

Sir Francis Drake.

Yet may we weepe, although we cannot ſinge;
And with ſad paſſions volley forth our feares:
While others accents in the aire doe ringe,
Our Anthems may detaine the vulgar eares,
And what we want in words, ſupplie in teares:
While *Philomela* tunes ſweete melodie,
Progne may weepe her diſmall tragedie.

Then you, ſweete-ſinging Sirens of theſe times,
Deere darlings of the *Delian* Deitie,
That with your *Angels*-ſoule-inchauntinge rimes
Tranſport *Pernaſſus* into *Britanie*,
With learnings garland crowning Poeſie; (eares:
Sdaine not that our haiſh plaintes ſhoulde beate your
Arts want may ſtop our tongues, but not our teares.

SPENSER, whoſe hart inharbours *Homers* ſoule,
If *Samian Axioms* be *Autenticall*:
DANIEL, who well maiſt *Maro's* text controule
With proud *Plus ultra*, true note marginall:
And golden-mouthed DRAYTON muſicall,
Into whoſe ſoule ſweete SIDNEY did infuſe
The eſſence of his Phœnix-feather'd Muſe:

types

Sir Francis Drake.

Types of true honour, *Phœbus Tripodes.*
Hell-charming *Orphêi*, *Syrens* of the ſence,
Wits ſubſtance, *Joves* braine-borne *Palladες*,
Soules *Manna*, heavens *Ambroſian* influence,
True centers of renownes circumference,
The gracefull *Graces* faire triplicitie,
Of moderne Poets rareſt trinarie:

Imbath your Angel-feathers loftie quill
In fluent amber-dropping *Caſtalie*,
That liquid gold may from your pen diſtill,
Encarving characters of memorie,
In braſen-leav'd bookes of eternitie:
Be DRAKES worth royalized by your wits,
That DRAKES high name may coronize your writs.

Let famous RED-CROSSE yeld to famous DRAKE,
And good Sir GVION give to him his launce;
Let all the MORTIMERS ſurrender make
To one that higher did his fame advance;
Ceaſe LANCASTERS & YORKES iars to enhaunce:
Sing all, and all to few to ſing DRAKES fame;
Your Poems neede no laurell, ſave his name.

Had

Sir Francis Drake.

Had he beene borne in *Agamemnons* age,
Whē ſtout *Achilles* launce ſcourg'd *Troies* proud towres:
When men gainſt men, and Gods gainſt Gods did rage,
Æneas, *Achilles*, nor *Vliſſes* powres,
Had beene ſo famous in this age of ours:
All Poets would have written in his praiſe
Their *Æneads*, *Iliads*, and *Odyſſes*.

But now (o ſhame!) the vertuous are forgotten,
The *Heroes* are contemn'd and *Neroes* told,
The auncient orders all are dead and rotten;
Gone is the puritie of Poets old,
And now eternitie is bought and ſold:
Free Poeſie is made a marchandize,
Onlie to flatter is to Poetize.

Wel-worth *Auguſtus* laurel-crowned times,
Pure *Halcion* hours, *Saturnus* golden dayes,
When worthies patronized Poets rimes,
And Poets rimes did onlie Worthies praiſe,
Sdaining baſe *Plutus* groomes with fame to raiſe:
When now, lave mercenaryes, few do write,
And be a Poet is be a Paraſite.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But you (ſweete ſoules) the Graces trinarie,
Straine up your tunes with notes Angelicall:
From heavens faire houſe (ô Fames Trium-viri)
Fetch *Orpheus* harpe with ſtrings harmonicall,
And muſicke from the Spheares melodicall:
And with ſweete quires of ſwans, and nightingals,
Sing dolefull ditties at DRAKES funerals.

My Muſe all mantled in death's livorie gowne,
Shall mourne before his hearſe in ſad aray,
With ſable Cypariſſus hanging downe
Her mournefull breſt, whoſe boughs ſhall fan awaie
Titans bright beames, bedarkning all the daie:
And while with teares you ſit melodying,
Shee ſhall weepe with you, though ſhee cannot ſing.

Even as the larke, when winters waſt drawes neere,
Mounteth her baſinetted head on high,
And through the aire doth tune her trebles cleere,
Quav'ring full quaintlie forth her Tireli,
Beyond the ken of any piercing eie;
While as the red-breſt on an humble thorne,
With weeping notes the ſummers loſſe doth morne.

Yee

Sir Francis Drake.

Yee that attend on *Cytherea*'s traine,
And feede her ſilver-feathered turtle-doves,
Which in their golden-wired cage remaine,
Whether at *Paphos* ſhrine, or *Cnydus* groves;
Whoſe liver-laps do ſwell with full-vain'd loves,
While damoſell Ladies doe imparadize
Your thoughts within the *Eden* of their eies:

Whoſe Muſe is ſo intraviſh'd with the lookes,
Which from your Miſtreſſe ivorie browes doe fall,
As makes you fill the largeſt volum'd bookes
With ſoule-perſwaſive ſongs patheticall,
And minde-alluring ſpeech methodicall:
Taſking your pens to pen a womans praiſe,
And ſhe the actreſſe of your owne diſeaſe:

O let your Muſe make an Apoſtrophe
From *Venus* courts unto *Bellona*'s camps;
Give but a glance on DRAKE's high dignitie,
Impreſt with magnanimities true ſtampes:
And when your ſence is lightned with theſe lamps,
Solemnize to the world his funerals,
In all your ſonnets, and your Madrigals.

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe (fondlings) henceforth to idolatrize
With *Venus*, your *Carpathean*-ſea-borne Queene;
And to heroique DRAKE do ſacrifice
Of expiation for your former ſinne,
Erect his ſtatue whereas hers hath beene; (hearſe;
Make DRAKE your Saint, and make the ſhrine, his
Your ſelves the Prieſts, the ſacrifice your verſe.

O you the quaint tragedians of our times,
Whoſe ſtately ſhanks embuskind by the Muſes,
Draw all the world to wonder at your rimes;
Whoſe ſad *Melpomene* robs *Euripides*,
And wins the palme and price from *Sophocles*:
While *Poe* and *Seine* are ſicke to thinke upon,
How *Thames* doth ebbe and flowe pure *Helicon*:

Who at your pleaſures drawe, or elſe let downe
The floud-hatches of all ſpectators eies;
Whoſe full-braind temples deck't with laurell crowne,
Ore worlds of harts with words doe tirannize;
To whom all Theaters ſing Plaudities:
While you with golden chaines of wel-tun'd ſonges,
Linke all mens eares and teares unto your tongues.

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe to eternize in your marble verſe
The fals of fortune-toſſed Venetiſts;
And ſtraine your tragicke Muſes, to rehearſe
The high exploites of *Jove*-borne Martialiſts,
Where ſmoakie gun-ſhot clouds the aire with miſts:
Where groves of ſpeares pitch'd ready for to fight,
Dampe up the element from Eagles flight.

What needs you ſummon from the ſilent hell
The ſoules of *Hector* and of *Priamus*,
And thouſand others that beneath us dwell,
Wafted long ſince through *Styx* to *Erebus*,
Or to th' *Elyſian Tempe* glorious?
Whoſe acts by auncients often have beene told,
And all love novels, few like that is old.

Loe heere a moderne ſubiect for your wits,
But loftier than any heeretofore
Eternized by former Poets wits;
Whoſe worth their ſacred Muſes did adore,
And he ſcarce entred yet th' *Elyſian* dore;
Whom dead, yet all mens thoughts alive doe make:
For who wold think that death could cõquere *Drake*?

Heere

Sir Francis Drake.

Heere, Poets, ſpend your wits chiefe quinteſſence,
And bandie verſes with the God of verſe,
Imbalme him with your wits beſt influence,
All intellectuall pow'rs his praiſe rehearſe,
And with your poems bewtifie his hearſe:
Feare neither *Theons* tooth, nor Critique lookes:
DRAKES onlie name ſhall patronize your bookes.

Be DRAKES heroique deedes, the argument,
His name, the prologue of your tragedie,
The acts and ſcenes, his acts all excellent,
Himſelfe chiefe actor of *Spaines* miſerie,
His launce the Scorpion-ſcourge of *Heſperie*;
Fetring with golden chaines their principates,
And leading captive, *Spaines* chiefe potentates.

The Muſes hill ſhall be the Theatre,
And all the world ſpectators of the ſhowes,
A quire of Angels ſhall the Chorus beare,
The maſſacre ſhall be of *Englands* foes,
And ſuch as thinke to worke *Eliſa's* woes:
And when DRAKES death endes the Cataſtrophe,
Heaven ſhall clap handes, and give the Plaudite.

But

But ah! our daies are ſtampt in envies mint,
And this our age caſt in the yron mould,
Our hearts are hew'd out of *Caucaſean* flint,
And two leav'd plates of braſſe our breaſts enfold:
Hate waxeth yong, the world thus waxing old:
And beſt we like them that doe love vs leaſt,
And leaſt we love them whom we ſhould like beſt.

Impietie of times, vertues chiefe hater,
The dying worlds twiſe-infant-waxen dotage,
Worth's cankar-worme, deſerts ingrate abater,
Hard yron-ages death-declining ſottage,
Foule ſerpent-eating envies loathſome cottage:
Poyſon-tooth'd viper, impiouſſie that bites
The wombe of thoſe who are her favorites.

Falſe touch-ſtone, not diſcerning gold from braſſe,
Falſe ſooth-ſayer, divining alwaie lyes,
Falſe clocke, not telling how the day doth paſſe,
Falſe friend, forſaking in adverſities,
Falſe pilot, leading through extremities,
Falſe in election, falſe in amitie,
And only true in infidelitie.

Sir Francis Drake.

Such is the world, as one that dotes with yeares,
Loathing things preſent, though of greater price,
Liking that which is paſt and not appeares,
And ſaies, the elder age was far more wiſe,
Of higher worth, and of more ſound adviſe:
All that it ſees, it thinks not worth the ſight,
But what it wants, it craves with maine and might.

Bleare-eyed elde, not ſeeing darke from day,
Blinde with affection, ignorant of truth,
Vnwain'd from ſelfe-love, never at a ſtay,
Leaning upon the crabbed ſtaffe of ruthe,
Vntoward to forecaſt for that enſueth;
Iniurious to thoſe that moſt befriend it,
Obſequious to thoſe that moſt offend it.

The ancient nobles are moſt noble deem'd,
And in Fames calender Saints regiſtred,
While preſent Worthies vaſſals are eſteem'd,
Though worthier to be canonized
Than thoſe that are in Legendaries red:
Nor *Hercules*, nor *Mars* were Gods accounted,
Before they died, and unto heaven were mounted.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What marvell then, though ſome baſe humoriſts,
Foule whelps of fierce *Hyrcanean* tygars ſeedes,
Extenuate the worth of loyaliſts,
And ſuch as merite heaven by famous deedes,
Returning baſe diſdaine for worthy meedes:
Oule-ſighted eies, that dazled are with light,
But ſee acutelie in the darkeſome night.

Some ſuch there are, (ô ſhame! too great a ſumme)
Who would impeach the worth of worthy DRAKE,
With wrongfull obloquies iniſter doome,
And eagerly their ſerpent-tongues they ſhake,
And ſith they cannot ſting, a hiſſing make:
But he, who made all *Spaine* quake with his fame,
Shall quell ſuch muſh-rumps only with his name.

Monſters of nature, *Nile*-bred crocodiles,
Sight-ſlaying baſilisks, poyſon-ſwolne toades,
Fame-fretting cankers, ſhames infectious biles,
Earth-gaping Chaſma's, that miſhap aboades,
Preſumptuous gyants waging war with Gods:
Aire-putrifying *Harpyes* loathſome broode,
Echidna's offſpring, worne foes to the good.

Sir Francis Drake.

Theſe ſerpents mouths with tongues & teeth are filled,
With tongues they ſting, with teeth they fiercely bite;
By ſtinging, mindes; by biting, hearts are killed;
The mindes with griefe, the hearts with deadly ſpighte:
This ſpighte kils ioie, this griefe doth ſlaie delight:
O what fierce hell begot this monſtrous kinde,
Whoſe toũg, whoſe teeth, kils, ſlaies, the hart, the mind?

Their breſt, the harbour of an envious hart;
Their hart, the ſtore-houſe of a pois'ned hate;
Their hate, the quiver holding ſlanders dart;
That dart they ſhoote at men of higheſt ſtate;
That ſtate, that ſoone is ſubiect to debate:
And that debate breeding diſſention,
Procures all common-wealth's deſtruction.

Their heades lay complots, ſtrife how to procure;
Their hands do practiſe what their heades deſire;
Their harts approove what hands have put in ure;
Their mindes in miſchiefe with their harts conſpire;
Their ſoules conſent to that their mindes require:
Who will not ſaie they are ſpronge from the devill,
Whoſe heads, hands, harts, whoſe minds, whoſe ſoules (are evill?

Sir Francis Drake.

Celeſtiall Goddeſſe, eviternall Fame,
Minerva's daughter by faire *Maia*'s ſonne;
Of all th' inhabitants of heavens faire frame,
Moſt highlie honored ſince the world begonne,
And ſhalbe, till the fatall Glaſſe be runne:
Soules ſweete receipt, the health's reſtorative;
Hearts cordiall, the mindes preſervative.

Goddeſſe of thoughts, Muſe-animating ſpirite,
Aulter of honour, temple of renowne,
Shrine of devotion yeelding art her merite,
Lifes richeſt treaſure, vertues gorgeous gowne,
Heavens beſt habilement, *Ariadne*'s crowne;
The *Cynoſura* of the pureſt thoughts;
Faire *Helice*, by whom the heart is caught in mo

Send honour downe (ô chiefe of Goddeſſes;)
Honour thy royall perſons meſſenger,
To raviſh DRAKE from earth's unworthines,
(As *Jupiter* once ſent his armour-bearer
To tranſport *Ganimed* from *Ida* thether:)
And as that boy was honoured of *Jove*,
So honour DRAKE, and let him be thy love.

Sir Francis Drake.

Daughter of time, sincere Posteritie,
Alwaie new borne, yet no man knowes thy birth,
The arbitresse of pure sinceritie,
Yet changeable (like *Proteus*) on the earth,
Sometime in plentie, sometime ioyn'd with dearth;
Alwaie to come, yet alwaie present heere,
Whom all runne after, none come ever neere:

Vnpartiall Iudge of all, save present state,
Truth's Idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more iniurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine owne doe wast:
True treasurer of all antiquitie,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see:

Be thou religious to renowned DRAKE,
And place him in thy catalogue of saints;
In steede of *Neptune*, God of sea him make,
Either to loose, or binde the windes restraints;
Let sea-men offer him their vowes and plaintes:
Envie lives with us, while our selves survive,
But when we die, it is no more alive.

And

And you, eternall *Joves* high progenie,
Whom at your birth the Gods, your parents, bleſt,
To conſecrate unto eternitie
In never-dying regiſters of reſt
Your ſelves, and others that deſerve it beſt;
To whom they ſeal'd this chartar at your birth,
Your ſouls ſhould live in heaven, your fames on earth:

Joves deareſt darlings, Gods beſt favorites,
Saints paragons, of pureſt earth refin'd,
Scorn'd of the world, becauſe heavens chiefe delightes,
Inheritours of Paradiſe by kind,
Which was to you before your birth aſſign'd:
The golden rings where honours iewels ſhines,
Whoſe ſun is fame, heaven Zodiake, you the Signes.

Imbathe your Phœnix quils in Nectar ſtreames
Of milken ſhowrs, that *Juno*'s breaſts did raine,
Let DRAKES high excellence be all your theames,
Where on to ſpend the chiefeſt of your braine,
His worth in honours pureſt dyé engraine;
That after-ages may him deifie
In holy heavens celeſtiall Hierarchie.

Sir Francis Drake.

GRINVIL, a name that made *Iberia* tremble,
Whom *Jove* would make the *Atlas* of the west,
(So well he did his *Hercules* resemble)
Had not a waightier charge his minde possest;
For having plac'd him in *Elysian* rest,
In heavens star-chamber held a Parliament,
And made him Prorex of his regiment:

Well hath his Poet royaliz'd his acts,
And curiously describ'd his tragedie:
Quaintlie he hath eternized his facts
In lasting registers of memorie,
Even coeternall with eternitie:
So that the world envies his happie state,
That he should live when it is ruinate.

Some fierie Muse with heavenly heate enflam'd,
Mount DRAKE likewise above the azur'd skie;
Be not the Eagle *Joves* thunder-bearer nam'd,
Let DRAKE possesse that glorious dignitie,
Or rather let himselfe the thunderer bee,
And make the world his maiestie to wonder;
For who more fit than DRAKE to rule the thunder?

Hee

Sir Francis Drake.

Hee rul'd earth's thunder while he did ſurvive,
Which, when he liſt, could make great *Neptune* quake,
Angrie with *Jove* that anie man alive
Should terrifie, and make his kingdome ſhake:
But when he hard it was renowned DRAKE,
He gave to him his trident, and his mace,
As one more fit to rule that ſtormy place.

Spaine trembled at the thunder of his name,
And when thoſe Gyants proudlie did rebell,
No thunder-bolt had needed but his fame,
Their hautie-minded forces for to quell,
And ſend them by whole Myriads unto hell;
That *Charon* curs'd their comming on ſo faſt,
And knew not how ſo many could be paſt.

The proud *Tarteſſian Caligula* feares,
And hides his doating head for very horrour,
If but DRAKES name doe thunder in his eares,
And lies aſtoniſh'd with an uncouth terrour,
Exhaling forth his gaſping breath with dolour,
While DRAKE (our new *Alcides*) vanquiſhed
This *Spaniſh Hydra's* ever growing head.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Pyrenean* cloudy-topped mountaines,
At his approach, with mists their faces vail'd,
The hils shed teares, and made encrease of fountaines,
Still fleeting downe the clifts, and never fail'd,
When through the Ocean waves his navie sail'd:
And if cleere waters in the fleete were scant,
He made his foe-mens teares supply the want.

Oft did the fourges, plow'd up by his ship,
Seeme to orewhelme the *Cassiterides*;
While the *Cantabrian-Ocean* sea-nymphs skip,
Together with the faire *Nereides*,
And all the lovely *Oceanitides*,
Dauncing about to have a fight of DRAKE,
Or of his ship a lovely kisse to take.

As oft as neere the *Gades* both he sail'd,
And by *Cape-Sacers* sky-top'd promontory,
Their heads (like dappers) under waves they vail'd,
Th' *Herculean* maine it selfe seem'd to be sorry,
Grieving it should such pondrous forces carry:
For though it could beare him who bare the skie,
It could not DRAKE, for DRAKE was more then he.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Baleares* wiſht them-ſelves unknowne,
Or ioyn'd in league unto the *Britiſh* maine,
Dreading they ſhould by DRAKE be overthrowne,
And raviſh'd from their neighbour-bordring *Spaine*,
Whoſe weakned powrs it ſelfe could not maintaine:
They wiſht ſome God would metamorphoſe them
To ſea-nymphs, that they might be ſafe from him.

Toledo's towres, and *Compoſtella's* Saint
Kept not *Heſperia* ſecure from dread;
The towres declin'd, the Saint with feare was faint,
Faint Saint, for feare that durſt not ſhew his heade,
Dreading leaſt greater dangers followed:
Alas! what could ſuch fearefull Saints prevaile,
Where ſuch great *Joves*, as DRAKE, meant to aſſaile?

Iberus river in *Cantabria*
Oft wiſht he had ſtill kept him under grounde;
His head-ſpring neere to *Juliobrica*
Thriſe hid himſelfe, and could no where be founde,
Thriſe overwhelming, all the land was drown'd,
For hearing that the conquering DRAKE came by,
Poore coward river knew not where to flie.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What profited th' *Herculean Calpe* now,
That *Titan* in the Occidentall line,
Trav'ling unto th' *Antipodes* belowe,
Daynes to salute him with his radiant shine,
As to the other world he doth decline?
One meanes to dispossesse him of his might,
Who dispossessed *Titan* of his light.

Tagus, thy gold could not redeeme thy feare,
Nor all thy sands thy griefe could countervaile;
DRAKE comes, and leades with him the Gods to war,
With victorie displaied on his saile:
What can thy gold and water now availe?
Thy precious water shall his thirst alaie,
Thy gold shall serve to give his souldiers pay.

Spaine annuallie prepar'd a royall fleete,
To sweepe the seas unto the *Indian* coast,
That comming home they might our Dragon meete,
And pay him tribute at their proper cost;
England, thou hadst the gaine, and *Spaine* the lost:
Had he surviv'd, *Tempe* had beene our land,
And *Thames* had stream'd with *Tagus* golden sand.

Such

Sir Francis Drake.

Such as the *Hyperborean* Dragon was,
That bare th' inchaunting daughter of the ſunne
On ſcaled creſt of triple-plated braſſe,
When through *Campania*'s coaſt he us'd to runne,
And ceaſ'd not ranging till his courſe were done;
But with irrefragable force and might,
Made obſtant lets give waie unto his flight:

Such was our Dragon, when he liſt to ſoare,
And circuit *Amphitrite*'s watry bowre;
The rampant lion, and the tusked boare,
The ravenous tigar borne ſtill to devoure,
To bar him paſſage never had the powre:
Whole heards and hoaſts could never make him ſtay,
His onelie ſight ſuffic'd to make him way.

Forth of his noſtrils burning flakes of fire
(As from an ovens gaping mouth) did flame,
Wherewith he waſted in his raging ire
All that oppos'd themſelves againſt the ſame;
All the ſea-monſters trembled at his name:
And when it pleas'd him progreſſe through the ſea,
His fame was herauld to proclaime him way.

Sir Francis Drake.

O what an heavenly fight it were to view,
And with the eie ſurvey him on the maine,
Incountring with a prowd *Tarteſſian* crew,
The choyſeſt Martialiſts of war-like *Spaine*,
And ſwarthy *Moores*, and *Indian* ſlaviſh traine,
Mantling all *Tethys* with their Argoſ-eies
With high-topt maſts included in the skies.

Their gallies fraughted full with men of war,
Whoſe oares plow'd furrowes in the ſwelling waves
Than towred whales, or dolphins, larger far,
Of ſiſe ſufficient to be gyants graves,
Row'd with an hundred *Indian* captive ſlaves;
Made glaucie *Nereus* groane, and ſeeme to ſhrinke,
Who often wiſht to ſee their navie ſinke.

Sea-caſtles, which they Galeazos nam'd,
Garded (like bul-warks) all the mightie fleete,
Whoſe maſts of ſeaven conioyned oakes were fram'd
By skilfull architecture made to meete,
Whoſe tops might ſeeme the element to greete:
Hoiſed aloft their ſailes diſplay'd on high,
As though they ment to vaile the ſhining skie.

Who

Sir Francis Drake.

Who ſo beholding from the bordring ſhoare,
Had view'd their navie floating on the maine,
Would ſweare they were no ſhips, that *Neptune* bore,
But woods of cedars growing on a plaine,
Whoſe tops above the region of the raine,
Were damp'd with circumfuſed clouds from ſight,
Which no tranſpiercing eie could ken aright.

Neptune encircled in his watrie armes
His ſilver-ſhining darling *Albion*,
And in his boſome ſhielded her from harmes,
That might endanger his chiefe paragon,
Fearing of nothing, ſave his lovely one:
And like as *Perſeus* kept *Andromeda*,
So kept he her from monſters of the ſea.

Now had our Dragon rows'd him from his cave,
Againſt his foe-men bending forth his flight:
All the ſea-ſourges paſſage to him gave,
Vntill he had his enemies in ſight,
Gainſt whom he bended all his force and might:
At his approach the adverſary deem'd,
That al heavens hoaſt to march againſt them ſeem'd.

Whoſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Who ſo had ever ſeene in *Arcadie*
The *Molorchean* Lion, through the fielde
Whole heards of beaſts purſuing eagerlie,
That none eſcape but ſuch as meekely yeeld,
Vntill deſire of praie be largely fild:
He might have iudged how our Dragon rag'd,
Till full revenge his thirſt had quite aſſwag'd.

On ſome he breath'd a fatall burning fire,
That blew them up in aſhes to the skye;
Others agaſt, dreading his wrathfull ire,
Duck'd downe their fearefull heades immediatlie
Vnder the waves, to ſave themſelves thereby:
So that their fleete invincible by fame,
Chriſtning anew he gave an other name.

As on *Vlyſſes Circe* did beſtowe
A blather, where the windes imboweld were,
That at his pleaſure he might let them blowe,
Or keepe them in when danger did appeare:
So DRAKE about him ſtill the windes did beare:
And if misfortune forc'd ſome ſhips to fall,
Jove into ſea-nimphs did transforme them all.

Fates

Sir Francis Drake.

If fates had fram'd him in the Gyants age,
When *Terra*'s high diſcent made heaven to tremble,
And *Titans* broode againſt the Gods did rage,
Whoſe trumpets (that did thunders noiſe reſemble)
Whole myriads of monſters did aſſemble:
Whoſe coale-blacke enſignes in the skie diſplaied,
Out-bearded *Jove*, and made the Gods diſmayed.

When *Phlægra*'s fields, and prowd *Pellene*'s coaſt
Swarmed with troupes of gaſtly Gyants bands;
Where ſturdy *Typhon* generall of the hoaſt,
Summon'd his kinſmen with the hundred hands
To come and fight with *Jupiter* for lands,
Vnder the conduct of great *Briareûs*,
With *Gyas*, *Cæus*, and *Halcyoneûs*:

Their pondrous waight did make their mother grone,
Dreading ſhe ſhould be preſſed downe to hell;
Their father *Titan* ſeem'd himſelfe to mone,
As oft as from their mouths, and noſtrels fell
(Broade, like *Abyſſus* gulfe where divels do dwell)
Forth iſſued mighty clouds of miſty ſmoake,
Whoſe dusky fogs his fiery beames did choake.

Ossa they preſſed downe with *Pelions* waight,
And on them both impos'd *Olympus* hill;
Vpon whoſe crooked top (by ſtrength made ſtraight)
Blacke pitch'd pavilions all the ſpace did ſpill,
The which before the ſubtile aire did fill:
Which being exiled from his proper place,
Wandred, and could not finde a vacant ſpace.

Porphyrio, *Crius*, and *Enceladus*,
With *Ephialtes*, and *Polybotes*,
Pallas, *Lapetus*, *Clytius*, *Eurytus*,
Gration, *Agrius*, and *Argyropes*,
With millions moe, as big and large as theſe;
Followed the colours of *Typhoeus* bands,
Swearing to batter heaven with their handes.

They were no harneſſe to defend their breſt,
But marched naked gainſt their foe-mens face;
They thought their skin was armour of the beſt,
To ſhield them woundleſſe in the eager chaſe;
Such was the proofe thereof in every place,
As ſcarce a thunderbolt could enter in,
But was rebated with the very skin.

Typhon

Sir Francis Drake.

Typhon, whoſe ribs reſembled cedar trees,
A quiver full of mountaines by his ſide
In-ſteede of darts did beare, and at his knees
two Dragons heads in knotted ioyntes were ti'd,
Which in their mouths two fierie tongues did hide:
Againſt whoſe ſting no plaiſter could prevaile,
Nor *Moly*, nor *Dictamnum* once could heale.

In ſteede of trumpet, *Briareus* did roare,
And ſtraind his high-reſounding voice aloud;
Whoſe ougly note a baſe ſo gaſtly bore,
As when amid the aire ſome uncouth cloude
Meetes with an other, and together croude
With ſuch a deadlie-ſounding fearefull voice,
As heaven and earth doe tremble at the noiſe.

Heaven hid his head, and ſeem'd to flye for feare,
The daſtard Gods betooke themſelves to flight,
And unto *Ægypt* forth-with made repaire,
Not daring to encounter them by might,
But truſting more to flight than unto fight:
Neere unto *Nilus* (hoping ſo to ſcape)
Each one of them reſum'd a divers ſhape.

Sir Francis Drake.

Iove (like a ram) did weare both hornes and wooll,
(A livorie which of late he gave to manie)
Hence *Ammon* yet doth beare a horned ſcull:
Iuno became a cow unknowne to anie,
To ſave her from the Gyants tirany:
Men to themſelves their wives enioyed now,
While he did playe the ſheepe, and ſhee the cow.

Swift-footed *Mercurye* his talars chaunged
Into the ſerpent-ſlayeing *Ibis* winge;
Venus (turn'd to a fiſh) the ſeaes now raunged,
Suppoſing that, which firſt her life did bringe,
Should ſave her life againe from periſhing:
Phœbe did play the cat, *Phœbus* the crowe,
Bacchus diſguiſed like a goate did goe.

O had victorious DRAKE among them then
In heaven (as now he is) beene deifi'd,
They needed not have dreaded mortall man,
Nor for a world of Gyants have deni'd
Their God-heades, and, like cowards, in caves abide;
DRAKE ſhold have pierc'd the with his burning darts,
Though all their thunder could not wound their harts.

Nor

Sir Francis Drake.

Not to a fearefull ramme, or feble cow,
But to a Dragon, DRAKE himſelfe ſhould turne:
From whoſe fierce noſtrels flakes of fire ſhould flow,
That in a moment all their tents ſhould burne,
And headlong from their mountaines overturne
Their big-bon'd carcaſſes to *Orcus* evils,
And bid them there wage battaile with the devils.

O where is now that cunning *Tarentine*
Architas, far renowned for his skill,
That could arts pureſt quinteſſence refine,
And in faire Practiques limbecke at his will
The pureſt iuyce of Theoriques flowrs diſtill:
And by proportion Geometrical,
Make wodden doves to flie, and not to fall?

Where is that cunning man of *Syracuſe*,
The firſt inventour of our Globes, and Spheares,
So deepelie skild in Mathematiques uſe,
As that whole armies onlie one man feares,
Whoſe skilfull ſtratagems their might impaires;
And what a thouland could not doe by fight,
One could atchive by arts celeſtiall might?

Sir Francis Drake.

Such as were they, ſuch was our worthy DRAKE,
Whoſe head a ſtore-houſe was of pollicies,
That (like his valour) forc'd his foes to quake,
Making their hulkes to caper in the skies,
And quaver in the aire their ARGOS-eies:
So by a proper ſleight he knew full well,
To ſend their ſhips to heaven, their ſoules to hell.

Sometime, when number vertue did ſurpriſe,
(AS vertue ſometime is ſurpris'd by number)
His pollicie could ſoone a way deviſe,
To flie their forces that might bring him under;
And how he could eſcape, it made them wonder:
For of their *Indian* gold he made him wings,
And (like a Phœnix) ſafely from them flings.

Thinke how the Eagle, armourer to *Jove*,
Eſpying *Ganimede* on *Ida*'s plaines,
Intended to convey him to his love:
Which being noted by the *Phrygian* traines,
And other ſturdy rutters, *Troian* ſwaines:
They flocke togither with confuſed cries,
To reſcue from the bird his lovelie prize:

AS

Sir Francis Drake.

An hundred yron-pointed darts they fling,
An hundred ſtones flie whiſtling by his eares,
An hundred deadly-dinted ſtaves they bring,
Yet neither darts, nor ſtones, nor ſtaves he feares;
But through the aire his plumed creſt he reares:
And in deriſion ſafely ſcapes away,
Preſenting unto *Jove* his long-lov'd praie.

So DRAKE (divine ELISA's champion)
Ceazing upon a pray of *Indian* gold,
Meaning to ſhip it home to *Albion*,
Ballaſts his barke with treaſures manifold:
Which when the griev'd *Iberians* doe behold,
They ſwarme in troupes to take his prize away,
And to diſrob him of his gained pray.

A thouſand hel-mouth'd canons deadly ſhot,
A thouſand ratling muskets hayle-ſtones flie,
Yet thouſand deadly canons hurt him not,
Nor thouſand ratling muskets reckneth he.
But ſtill rebeates them all as eagerly;
And, maugre all their beards, brings home the ſpoile,
Ritching ELISA, and ELISA's ſoile.

Thoſe peereles Peeres, that through the world have ſpred
Their predeceſſours vertues, and their owne,
And both with honour have enobeled;
Who to nobilities chiefe point are growne,
The ſage attendants on ELISA's crowne;
Deſir'd to venture on the foe with DRAKE,
And with his fortunes good or ill partake.

When forth they march'd againſt their eager foe,
HOPE, and REVENGE did beare them out to war;
Garded with NON-PERILLE did they goe,
While BONADVENTVRE ſtill their enſigne bare,
And cowardiſe by DREAD-NOVGHT bandon'd far;
SWIFT-SVRE their race, though ſwift, yet alway ſure,
And good FORE-SIGHT to HOPE-WEL did allure.

Watchfull ADVISE did march in equipage
Togither with her ſiſter PROVIDENCE;
RELIEFE with AYDE, and AYDE with high Courage,
Courage was guided with Experience,
And both did guide and garde their high pretence:
Where all ſuch worthie vertues, captaines were,
What coward would not be a conquerer?

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The ſouldiers followed eager for the fight,
Knowne to the foe by face, not by the backe,
Skilfull in fight, but ignorant in flight,
Swift in aſſault, but in retiring ſlacke;
Never returning but with foe-mens wracke:
Who would not be a ſouldier in that band,
Which, ere it fought, held VICTORIE in hand?

Art-tamed TYGARS made way with their pawes;
The VNICORN's ſharpe horne the foe did goare;
The ravenous BEARE with blood imbru'd his iawes;
The LYONS with their tailes did hurt them ſoare,
And cut them ſhort for comming once a ſhoare:
And he that went out WHITE againſt his foe,
Returnes home RED, for blood imbrued him ſo.

A ſilver GRAYHOVND led a GOLDEN-HINDE,
Now reconciled to his utter foe;
A RODE-BVCKE that did beare a lyons minde,
Together with DIANA ſtill did goe,
And dreaded not her darts, and murth'ring bowe:
The PHŒNIX in his fleete her neſt did make,
And HERCVLES himſelfe attended DRAKE.

GODS-

Sir Francis Drake.

GODS-GIFT he had, and God his gift did SPEEDE,
No miſadventure cros'd, where God did guide,
Where GOD did SAVE, none other ſalve did neede,
He ſped the iournie, he did give the tide,
He ſav'd the fleete from foes inſulting pride:
How could the enterpriſe ill iſſue have,
Where GOD himſelfe did guide, did Speed, did Save?

FORTVNE her ſelfe was preſent in the fleete,
But ſtoode not on her fickle-rowling wheele;
Conſtant ſtability ballaſted her feete,
And being conſtant knew not how to reele,
But rul'd the rudder, and direct'd the keele:
How could miſchance unto that ſhip betide,
Where FORTVNE was the pilot, and the guide?

Garded with theſe aſſociats royall traine,
Forth marched valiant DRAKE to martiall armes,
And makes an earth-quake through the coaſts of *Spaine*,
When as his thundring drumme reſoundes alar'mes,
And roaring trumpets vollie forth their harmes:
HOPE and REVENGE to war conducted DRAKE,
And VICTORY & TRIVMPH brought him backe.

Such

Such were magnanimous DRAKES accomplices
Not of the vulgar, baſe, inglorious ſort,
But ſuch did follow wars, as rul'd in peace,
Whoſe very names their fortunes did import:
Such rare adhærents did to DRAKE reſort,
As he that but their ominous names once heard,
Did either vanquiſht yeeld, or flie affeard.

Neither in wars his worth was only knowne,
(Although his worth was chiefly knowne in warres)
But all as well at home in peace was ſhowne,
In moderating publique wealth's affaires,
As quieting his foes tumultuous iars:
And as the Lawrell crown'd him conquerour,
So did the Olive ſhew him counſelour.

Like as abroade with unreſiſted armes
He tam'd his foes prowde inſultations:
Even ſo at home with lenitie he charmes
His iarring friends diſcordant paſſions,
Reſcuing the poore from prowd vexations:
So all his life he made a warfare longe,
Abroade gainſt enemies, at home gainſt wronge.

In

Sir Francis Drake.

In warre he ſtrove (and ſtriving ſtill did gaine)
To vanquiſh all with never-daunted might:
In peace he ſought (and ſeeking did obtaine)
All to excell in equity and right:
A iuſticer in peace, in warre a knight:
Though hard it were for him that might take eaſe,
Scipio to be in war, *Cato* in peace.

The mightie ſonne of more then mightie *Jove*,
Heaven-bearing *Hercules*, moſt famoſed
For twelve atchivements, and diſaſter love
Of *Deianira* being captived,
After ſo many monſters vanquiſhed,
Having ſubdu'd all monſters, (ſaving one,
(Woman) ordain'd to maſter him alone:

Heaven-honor'd Poets in eternall verſe,
Among his many brave atchivements done,
As not the laſt, nor leaſt acte do rehearſe
His faire fame (though by filthy ſervice wonne)
Making th' *Augean* Oxe-ſtall ſhine as ſunne:
(Which more then thirty yeares unclenſ'd had bin)
By forcing of *Alpheus* river in.

Equall

Sir Francis Drake.

Equall with *Hercules* in al, ſave vice,
DRAKE of his country hath deſerved grace,
Who by his induſtrie and quaint deviſe
Enforc'd a river leave his former place,
Teaching his ſtreames to runne an uncoth race:
How could a ſimple current him withſtand,
Who all the mightie Ocean did command?

Now *Plymmouth* (great in nothing, ſave renowne,
And therein greater far, becauſe of DRAKE)
Seemes to diſdaine the title of a towne,
And lookes that men for cittie ſhould her take;
So prowd her patrons favour doth her make:
As thoſe, whom princes patronage extold,
Forget themſelves, and what they were of old.

Her now-bright face, once lothſomly defiled,
He purg'd and cleanſed with a wholeſome river:
Her, whom her ſiſter-citties late reviled,
Vpbrayding her with her unſavory ſavor,
DRAKE of this obloquy doth now deliver:
That if all Poets pens conceald his name,
The waters glide ſhould ſtill record the ſame.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now Fame, the Queene of immortalitie,
Summons my Muſe from home-atchieved praiſe,
(A bandoning all partialitie,
A fatall ſinne to Poets now a daies)
Her leaden-winged creſt aloft to raiſe,
And ſoare, in famous DRAKES memoriall,
About the compaſſe of this earthly ball.

Honour enmoves her to attempt the flight,
And wave her feathers (unneath taught to flie)
But faint deſpaire doth urge her feeble might
(That durſt not yet her home-bred neſt out-prie)
About the world to ſoare audaciouſlie:
Honour replies, that if ſhee chance to faile,
The brave attempt the ſhame ſhall countervaile.

Bound on an high adventure ſhee intends
To tell the world that all the world can tell,
How all the triple earth's unbounded ends,
And landes where no inhabitants do dwell,
Where darke obſcuritie ſtill keepes his cell,
Whereas the ſunne dares ſcarce appearance make,
Have heard, and ſeene the fame of famous DRAKE.

Whoſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Whoſe heaven-affecting thoughts could not remaine
Confin'd within the confines of the earth,
But ſtill contended higher to attaine,
Since that the ſtars portended at his birth,
His praiſes plenty nere ſhould feele a dearth.
But grow to that high exaltation,
Of all the worldes peregrination.

A GOLDEN-HYNDE, led by his art and might,
Bare him about the earth's ſea-walled round,
With unreſiſted Roe-out-running flight,
While Fame (the harbinger) a trumpe did ſound,
That heaven and earth with Echo's did abound;
Echo's of DRAKE's high praiſe, praiſe of his name,
Name royalis'd by worth, worth rais'd by fame.

Heart-ſtealing *Homer*, marrow of the Muſes,
Chiefe grace of *Greece*, beſt pearle of poetrie,
Drowner of ſoules with arts orewhelming ſluces,
Embelliſhed with *Phœbes* lunary,
Deckt with the *Graces* rich embroyderie,
Sweete hony-ſuckle, whence all Poets ſp'rites
Sucke the ſweete hony of divine delightes:

Ceaſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Ceaſe to ſolemnize *Anticleas* ſon,
That famous *Ithacenſian* roavers praiſe.
(Who great *Achilles* armes from *Aiax* won)
His hard adventures, and his weary waies,
His wandring pilgrimages through the ſeas;
His dangerous travels, and his ten yeares toyles,
Diſcovering new-found lands, and uncoth ſoyles:

Firſt, how he bare himſelfe ten yeares at *Troy*,
And ſlew by skill the two *Dardanian* ſpyes;
How from his foes he raviſhed with ioy,
Their tall *Pallaatum* by quaint pollicies,
(Where *Priams* hart, and hope, and helpe relies;)
Then, how he ſpent ten other yeares at ſea,
Before to *Ithaca* he found the waie:

Raſe forth his name out of the *Odyſſes*,
Be he no more the ſubiect of thy verſe;
But let thy Muſe record DRAKES worthines,
And in *Vlyſſes* lieu his fame rehearſe,
That far beyond *Vlyſſes* fame did pearſe;
Searching the confines of this earthy round,
And provinces, that earſt were never found.

Teſt

Sir Francis Drake.

Tell how he bare the round world in a ſhip,
A ſhip, which round about the world he bare,
Whoſe ſaile did winged Eurus flight out-ſtrip,
Scorning tempeſtuous Boreas ſtormy dare,
Diſcrying uncouth coaſts, and countries rare;
And people, which no eie had ever ſeene,
Save Daies faire goldē Eie, & Nights bright Queene.

Tell how he hath eſcaped warily
Lowd-barking *Sylla*'s ever-howling dogs;
And ſeal'd his eares, and lips up charilie
Gainſt *Syrens* ſongs, and *Circes* poiſned drugs,
That metamorphoſe men too ugly hogs:
Nor *Syrens* ſongs, nor *Circes* drugs he feares,
Vertue had lock'd his lips, art ſeal'd his eares.

Tell how he paſs'd *Charybdis* whirle-poole waves,
Whereas two mighty roaring chanels meete,
To ſwallow ſhips, and make their wombe their graves,
And cauſe their high-topt maſts the gravell greete:
Tell how *Caphareûs* could not hurt his fleete:
Neither the ſtraights, nor quicke-ſands him amated,
Nor waves, nor windes his valour once abated.

Sir Francis Drake.

Homer tell how; but ah, how canſt thou tell
Homer, how DRAKE to purchaſe glory wonted,
Since that ſweete ſp'rite that in thy ſoule did dwell,
And that ſweete ſoule, ſweete above all ſoules counted,
Longe ſince to ſoules ſweete paradiſe is mounted;
Where thou with DRAKE to ſaints doſt ſing DRAKES (praiſe,
Heere we bewaile his loſſe, our deepe diſeaſe.

O thou ſo high renowned for thy art,
In memorizing baſe atchievements don
By one that bare a fearefull hares faint hart,
While ſubtle foxes head his credit won;
O had thy Muſe once ſhin'd with DRAKES bright ſun,
Or had thy golden verſe his praiſe recounted,
Homer himſelfe had *Homer* far ſurmounted.

Thy glory, DRAKE would more have glorified,
His travell eaſed thee, that eaſed it,
In him thy ſelfe thou hadſt hiſtorified,
His fame would raiſe thy Muſe, that raiſed it,
His name would praiſe thy verſe, that praiſed it;
That after-ages ſhould a queſtion make, (DRAKE.
Wheth'r DRAKE, grac'd *Homer* more, or *Homer*

Marke

Sir Francis Drake.

Marke how a civet-ſmellinge damaske roſe,
In laurel-leaved garland quaintlie placed,
Yeelds bewtie to the baie, where beſt it ſhowes,
And nether by the other is defaced,
But graceth that wherewith it ſelfe is graced:
So each the other ſhould more famous make,
DRAKE *Homer* ſhould adorne, and *Homer* DRAKE.

The fierie-ſparkling precious Chryſolite,
Spangled with gold, doth moſt tranſplendent ſhine:
The pearle grac'd by the ring, the ring by it,
The one the others bewtie doth refine,
And both together bewties both combine;
The iewell decks the golden haire that weares it,
Honour decks learning that with honour rears it.

Valour, and art are both the ſonnes of *Iove*,
Both brethren by the father, not the mother,
Both peeres without compare, both like in love,
But art doth ſeeme to be the elder brother,
Becauſe he firſt gave life unto the other;
Who afterward gave life to him againe,
Thus each by other doth his life retaine.

Sir Francis Drake.

Art is nobilities true regiſter,
Nobilitie arts champion ſtill is ſaide;
Learning is fortitudes right calender,
And fortitude is learnings Saint & aide:
Thus if the ballances twixt both be way'd,
Honour ſhields learning from all iniurie,
And learning honour from blacke infamie.

Why ſhould *Vlyſſes* be oppoſ'd to DRAKE?
DRAKE, that *Vlyſſes* worth exceld ſo farre,
As *Hyperion*'s golden chariots ſlacke
Surmountes his ſilver ſiſters two-wheel'd carre;
Or as her planet doth the ſmalleſt ſtarre:
DRAKE did *Vlyſſes* worth exceede ſo farre,
As ſun exceedes the moone, the moone each ſtarre.

Vlyſſes was conſtrain'd to goe to *Troye*,
DRAKE unconſtrain'd, except conſtrain'd by fame:
Vlyſſes fayning fury fayne would ſtaye,
A heavenly fury DRAKE's minde did inflame,
To purchaſe glory to ELISA's name:
He mad among his friends, milde with his foes;
But DRAKE was milde to them, and mad with thoſe.

Both

Sir Francis Drake.

Both left their ladyes, fayre, & chaſt: (a wonder:)
O who could leave a ladye chaſt, and fayre?
But fortune for a while their loves did ſunder
That ſundred love could never love impayre:
Vlyſſes left a ladye with an heyre:
DRAKE left a ladye bounteous, fayre, and wiſe,
For whoſe ſweete love the Gods would leave the ſkies.

Vlyſſes did the innocent betraye,
And in extreames forſooke his aged frinde;
No ſuch defaults did ever DRAKE bewraye:
This difference betweene them both I finde,
Wherein greate DRAKE *Vlyſſes* came behinde;
Vlyſſes Homer had to pen his ſtorie,
DRAKE hath no *Homer* to emblaze his glorie.

Envie her ſelfe is forc'd to ſay the truth,
(And yet the truth doth envie ſeldome ſay)
Since *Brute* train'd hither firſt the *Troian* youth,
(If ever *Brute* train'd hither youth of *Troye*)
The ſmall remaynder of the *Greekes* deſtroye,
Noblye diſcended from a vertuous line;
Noble diſcents make vertue more divine:

Sir Francis Drake.

How ſtill the ſilver rockes of *Albion*,
Lightned tranſlucent luſtre from the ſhoare,
(Like to the carbuncles, that ſhine upon
The faire ſunnes golden pallace ivorie dore)
Whoſe radiant ſplendour, and whoſe beauties lore
Vpon the worlds extreameſt wals reflect,
Dazling the eies that gaze on ſuch aſpect:

How that their lofty mindes could not be bounded
Within the cancels, that the world doe bound;
How that the deepeſt ſeas they ſearch'd, and ſounded,
Beyonde all landes that ever have beene found,
Making the farmoſt ſeas our praiſe reſound;
And nations, which not Fame her ſelfe had ſeene,
To carrol *Englands* fame, and fames rare Queene:

How they have travers'd ſundry forraine lands,
Lands, all inviron'd with the ſwelling ſeas,
Seas, ignorant of endes, devoide of bands,
Bands, that might yeeld ſome harbour to their eaſe,
Eaſe, to refreſh them in their wearie waies;
Lands, bands, ſeas, waies their mindes amated not,
By lands, bands, ſeas, and waies they honour got.

Vnto

Sir Francis Drake.

Vnto the confines of *Aſſyria*
Honour led princely EDWARD, (HENRIES ſonne,
The third that did the *Engliſh* ſcepter ſway)
Whoſe brave atchievements both in *Acra* donne,
And *Galile*, when *Nazareth* was wonne,
Inroles in ancient recordes of renowne,
The tributorie fame to *Englands* crowne.

Rich hart of Lyon, RICHARD *Lyon-hart*,
Twiſe match'd by name, but never in renowne:
Two more in RICHARDS title bare a part,
But none, ſave he (that wore the *Engliſh* crowne)
The name of *Lyon hart* claim'd as his owne:
His hart was richeſt, that a Lyons was,
Save her rich hart, whoſe hart all harts doth paſſe.

Tancred can tell, and all *Sicilia*,
But moſt *Meſſana* his great victories,
The coaſtes of *Paleſtine*, and *Syria*,
And *Cyprus* captivated Emperour's eies,
Sawe him attir'd in triumphs iollities:
And on the Pagans, in defence of *Syon*,
His launce bare witnes, that he was a Lyon.

Sir Francis Drake.

Clio her ſelfe (I feare) would be offended,
And whip me downe with laurell from her mount,
If WILLIAM *Peregrine* be not commended,
If I ſhould not that pilgrims praiſe recount
In verſe, who did in verſe ſo far ſurmount:
Since thou wert that I am not, but would be,
How can I not (ſweete Poet) write of thee?

Brave LONG-SWORD in the coaſtes of *Aſia*,
Diſplai'd the enſigne of the *Engliſh* fame;
And neere *Nile*-bord'ring *Alexandria*,
Engrav'd with ſteeled ſword faire *Albions* name
In characters, which valours art did frame;
Where gainſt the *Saracens* (who *Chriſt* defied)
He boldly dying fought, and fighting died.

Renowned MADOCKE, Princes ſonne of *Wales*,
Brave *Cambro-britton* uncontroul'd by might,
Blowne by ſucces-full fortunes proſperous gales,
In diſcontentment (moſt victorious knight)
Left his rich Princedome, left to him by right,
Betweene his brethren in diſſention:
A crowne twixt brethren breedes contention.

Before

Sir Francis Drake.

Before COLVMBVS ere ſet foote in *Inde*,
He did diſcover *Nov' Hiſpania*;
Before VESPVCIVS liv'd, did MADOCKE finde
The world, cald after him *America*;
He ſaw the famous *Terra Florida*:
Little regarding all their gaine and ſtore,
Honour he gain'd, and MADOCKE ſought no more.

What coaſt, or country knowes not MANDEVIL,
His pilgrimage of three and thirtie yeeres,
A vowed votarie to honour ſtill,
Vnequaliz'd by valours chiefeſt peeres?
Whoſe travels legend whoſoever heares,
May doubt (if men for merites ſainted bee)
Which ſhould be *Albans* Saint, ALBANE or hee.

Couragious CABOT, brave *Venetian* borne,
Foſtred with honour-breathing *Engliſh* aire,
Victorious HENRIES name the more t'adorne,
And to emblazon *Troynovants* the faire,
Vnto the farmoſt climates made repaire;
And by the Southern and Septentrion,
Meaſur'd the fame of famous *Albion*.

Light-

Sir Francis Drake.

Light-leſſe, and name-leſſe *Prima-viſta* laie,
Till from his eies it borrowed name, and light:
Flora did never *Florida* aray,
Roſes, nor lillyes ſhew'd their ſhining ſp'rite,
Till it was ros'd, and lilied with his ſight:
Thriſe happie ſight, that verdant ſpring compoſes,
By ſtrewing lands with lillyes, and with roſes.

By *Labradors* high Promontorie Cape,
Beyond the Iles of *Cuba*, CABOT ſayl'd,
Diſcovering *Baccalaos* uncouth ſhape;
The mighty *Silver-river* not conceal'd,
His tributorie ſandes to him reveal'd;
Nor ſdained it to be a tributour,
Vnto the Oceans mighty Emperour.

Honour of *England*, brave SEBASTIAN,
Mirrour of *Britan* magnanimity,
Although by birth a right *Venetian*,
Yet for thy valour, art, and conſtancie,
Due unto *England* from thy infancie:
Venice, thou claim'dſt his birth, *England* his art,
Now iudge thy ſelfe which hath the better part.

WYN-

Sir Francis Drake.

WYNDAM, although thy raſh temerity,
Haſtning for endleſſe gaine, gain'd haſtned end;
And though improvident celeritie,
Too ſoone accelerated death did ſend;
Yet ſince ſo far thy valour did extend,
And death for raſhnes made full ſatisfaction,
Why ſhould not fame advance thy valorous action?

When valours fire enflam'd young *Iſadas*,
Raſhly to venture battaile unregarded:
His raſhnes by a mulcte corrected was,
But with a crowne his valour was rewarded,
Becauſe his proweſſe had the *Spartans* guarded:
For if by raſhnes valour have got honour,
We blame the raſhnes, but rewarde the valour.

Then WYNDAM, though thy high-reſolved thought,
A hare-brain'd hardiment had ill prevented;
Yet ſince thou haſt ſo deare this raſhnes bought,
Which at the fatall rate of death was rented,
Let envie with misfortune be contented:
Hadſt thou *Vlyſſes* head to *Hectors* hart,
The world a braver peere could not impart.

With

Sir Francis Drake.

With like misfortune (though unlike advise)
Did fame-enobled WILLOVGHBY intend
A famous actions hapleſſe enterpriſe;
Arzina ſaw his lamentable end,
Which her eternall-winters froſt did ſend:
Though freezing cold benum'd his vitall flame,
Heate ſhall not hurt, nor cold conſume his fame.

Fortune not alwaie good, nor alwaie ill,
Willing to ſhew her mercie with her powre,
Feaſted on others falles (as ſeem'd) her fill,
Smil'd with a mild aſpect on CHAVNCELOVR,
Making herſelfe his dailie oratour:
Heereby (quoth ſhee) the world ſhall know my powres,
How Fortune ſometime laughes, as well as lowres.

Forth-with for him a barke her ſelfe ſhee fram'd,
Inchaunting it with an almightie charme;
Which ſhee the bliſ-full *Bon-adventure* nam'd,
Which winde, nor wave, nor heat, nor cold could harme,
While her ommipotence the ſame did arme;
Guiding it ſafelie to *Moſcovia*,
Safelie reducing it from *Ruſſia*.

Bold

Sir Francis Drake.

Bold with ſucceſſe, and prowd on fortunes favour,
Againe his loftie ſailes he doth advaunce,
Allur'd by ſilvers ſoule-attractive ſavour:
But fortune (like the moone in change and chaunce,
That never twiſe doth ſhew like countenaunce)
At *Peſtiſlego* drench'd him in the ſeas:
Thus moſt ſhee hurts, when moſt ſhe ſeemes to pleaſe.

O tempt not Fortune, ſhe will not be tempted,
Her thunder followes, when her lightning's done;
Her dangers are fore-ſeene, but not prevented;
When ſhee doth frowne, thinke ſhee will ſmile anone;
And when ſhee ſmiles, thinke not her frownes are gone:
What doth her laughter but her lowr's importune?
Misfortune followes him that tempteth fortune.

Aske the *Wingandicoa* ſavages,
They can relate of GRINVIL, and his deedes;
The Iles of *Flores*, and *Azores*, theſe
Extoll his valour and victorious meedes;
While *Spaines* grip't hart freſh ſtreames of anguiſh bleds:
His worth with all the world his praiſe made even,
But he ſcorn'd earth, and therefore went to heaven.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What time-out-sliding thought so far could flie.
As did heroique CAVENDISH drive his sailes?
The great *Magores* kingdome did he see,
Where freezing Boreas rings his northern peales,
Gainst whose benumming blast no heate availes:
His prowesse hath beene knowne to *Mallaca*,
And to her neighbour-bordring *Bengala*.

Knighted by honour in deserts faire feild,
Death-scorning GILBERT, chronicled by fame,
To *Englands* Monarchesse did force to yeeld
The savage lande, (that New-found now we name)
Making wilde people milde, submisse, and tame:
O were mens lives unto their praises tied!
Then, noble GILBERT, never hadst thou died.

But cursed fates did crosse brave CHIDLIES thought,
(O that brave thoughts by fates still cros'd should be!)
Nothing but worth his hungrie humour sought,
Nothing but honours Nectar thirsted hee,
When death untimely did exact his fee:
But CHIDLIE, that which death took frō thy daies,
Honour shall adde to thine immortall praise.

If

Sir Francis Drake.

If ſearching labyrinths inextricable,
By hard adventures, and ambiguous waies,
To purchaſe glorie, and renowne be able,
And meritorious of eternall praiſe;
Then FROBISHER out-lives the *Sybils* daies:
What death tooke from his life, this gives his name;
Death hath no dart to ſlaie deſerved fame.

Out of the concave cavern's of the earth,
Her golden-oared entrals he deſcri'd,
Exiling famine, povertie, and dearth,
Theſe precious bowels having once eſpi'd,
Where maſſie gold ingorged did abide:
He recompenſed natures iniurie,
That gives earth gold, and leaves men povertie.

Rich *China*, and faire *Met' Incognita*,
Admir'd his valour, and extold his fame,
Cathaia, and the great *America*,
The dangerous ſtraights that yet doe beare his name,
Are monumentall annals of the ſame;
Annals, wherein poſteritie ſhall reade,
How fame the living ſalves, revives the dead.

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now drop my pen in inke of drery teares,
A name, of late, of laughter, and of ioy;
But now (ô death, the agent of our feares!)
A name of dolour, and of dire annoy,
The sad memoriall of the fates destroi:;
HAWKINS (ô now my hart, cleave thou a sunder!)
In naming him (me seemes) I name a wonder.

Epitome of Gods, heavens counterfaite,
Fames Pyramis, honours imagerie,
High throne, wherein all vertues made their seate,
True prospective of immortality,
Faire mirrour of celestiall maiestie:
White palme, whose silver boughes inharbour'd rest,
Snow-feath'red swan, the *Nestor* of the West.

Nestor in wisedome, art, and pollicie,
Nestor in counsell, and in gravitie,
Nestor in knowledge, skill, and prudencie,
Nestor in wit, fore-sight, and modestie,
Nestor in might, and magnanimitie:
O would he had (as he had *Nestors* haires)
Enioyed *Nestors* age, and *Nestors* yeares!

A mortall

Sir Francis Drake.

A mortall man more then a man of late,
(If mortall man more then a man maie be)
Since his lifes calender is out of date,
And deathes new-yeare exactes his cuſtom'd fee,
No more a man, nor mortall now is hee:
No more a man, becauſe of breath bereaven,
Mortall no more, becauſe a ſaint in heaven.

CLIFFORD, a name that ſtill was ominous,
Prefiguring an high-reſolved minde,
Victorious, vent'rous, vertuous, valorous,
Eternall adiunctes to that noble kinde,
By natures ſecret influence aſſign'd;
Who can denie that names are ominous?
For CLIFFORDS name hath ſtill beene valorous.

O had he periſh'd in his enterpriſe,
(As did th' inventour of that braſen beaſt)
Who firſt that fatall engine did deviſe
The diſmall Gunne, the actour of unreſt,
Whoſe thunder-bolts do pearce the ſtrongeſt breſt.
O had he periſh'd in his mothers wombe,
And that which gave him life, had beene his tombe.

Sir Francis Drake.

Nectar-tongu'd SYDNEY, *Englands Mars*, and *Muſe*,
Heroique DEVOREVX had never ſent
Their royall bloude to earths unworthy uſe;
Nor FROBISHER his breath at *Breſt* had ſpent;
We ſhould not WINGFIELDES loſſe ſo much lament:
Such Worthies might haue ſav'd their vitall breath,
By one accurſed vaſſals worthie death.

Then might victorious CLIFFORD yet ſurvive,
And with renowne-inveſted BASCARVILL
Regreete faire *Albions* ſhining ſhoare alive;
No *Spaniard* had triumphed in his ill,
Nor boaſted, he ſo brave a knight did kill:
If, but by one, whoſe worth his worth could ſtaine,
He had not beene ſlaine, he had not beene ſlaine.

Sleepe you ſecurelie ô thriſe bleſſed bones,
The ſacred reliques of ſo faire a Saint,
In your rich tombe enchas'd with precious ſtones,
Till honour ſhall your deſtinie prevent,
And Fame revive the breath that Fates have ſpent:
And if no *Homer* will diſplaie your name,
Accept a *Cherilus* to doe the ſame.

Live

Sir Francis Drake.

Live, ô live ever, ever-living ſpirites,
Where ever-live the ſprites of vertuous livers,
Heavens have your ſoules, the earth your fame inherits,
But when earths maſſie apple turnes to ſhivers,
And fire conioines that nature now diſſevers,
That hold's your ſouls ſhall then your fame containe;
For earth ſhall end, your praiſe ſhall ſtill remaine.

What though you left your bodies far from home,
And ſome on ſeas, ſome died on the ſand,
Looſing the honour of your fathers tombe,
Which manie ſeeke, few have, none underſtand?
Heaven is as neere from ſea, as from the land:
What though your coũtry-tombe you could not have?
You ſought your countries good, not countries grave.

More then moſt bleſt (if more then moſt maie bee)
Spirites of more then moſt renowned wightes;
But if of more then moſt be no degree,
As much as moſt you are, victorious knights,
Earths admirations, and the heavens delights:
And as in worth you were Superlatives,
So ſhall you be in fame Infinitives.

Sir Francis Drake.

Now is the conſummation of your griefe,
The fates have ſet full period to your paine;
He, who on earth was all your hearts reliefe,
Whoſe abſence you in heaven it ſelfe did plaine,
(*If* plaints attach them that in heaven remaine)
In heaven is now aſſociate of your ioie,
Your glad, our griefe, your pleaſure, our annoie.

You, whoſe exploites the world it ſelfe admired,
Admire the ſtrange exploites of peereles DRAKE,
And you, whom nether lands, nor ſea's have tired,
Have tir'd your tongues, when they rehearſall make,
What hard adventures he did undertake;
Then if that ſuch *Atlantes* are too weake,
What marvell, if this waight our ſhoulders breake?

O you once matchleſſe monarches of the ſeas,
But now advanced to an higher place,
Inveſted Vice-roy's, and high Satrapes,
In that faire palace neere the milken race;
O thinke not that his praiſe doth yours deface:
If he be iuſtlie prais'd, you iuſtlie graced,
Your graces by his praiſe are not defaced.

What

Sir Francis Drake.

What though his worth above yours is extold?
Yet thereby is not yours extenuated:
What though your neighbours iewels dearer ſold,
Than for the price whereat your gemme is rated?
What thereby is your Diamond abated?
Wherefore to give both him, and you your due,
I ſaie, he was the beſt, the next were you.

Like as ſome travel-tired paſſenger,
By ſilent-ſliding *Thames* roſe-ſhadow'd ſide
(Poore care-accloyed pilgrime traveler,)
Sits downe to view the ſight-reviving ſlide,
The wanton-bubling waters gentle glide;
Smiling to ſee the rivers quav'ring flankes,
Dallie upon the dayſie-diap'red bankes:

Thus while he feaſteth both his eies and eares
With native muſicke, ſweeter then a mans;
Like to a ſhowre of ſilver ſnowe, appeares
A flight of alabaſter-feath'red ſwans:
Whoſe number while his ſence amaſing ſcans,
Forth-with an other flight his minde doth comber,
And thus doth number bring him out of number.

Sir Francis Drake.

So ſitting by the *Tempe*-ſmiling ſide
Of hony-dropping *Aganippes* fount,
I had eſpied (or ſeem'd I had eſpied)
A troupe of vertues ſwarming downe the mount;
Whoſe number while I ſtudied to recount,
Downe from the mountaine ever iſſued more:
Thus I forgot what I had told before.

Higher then heaven, farther then eaſt, or weſt,
Beyond both Poles, and utmoſt *Thules* bandes,
Our loftie Dragon did advaunce his creſt,
Exacting tribute of the ſtrangeſt landes,
Won by his words, or conquer'd by his handes:
His hands, and wordes ſuch powre impulſive bare,
Theſe tam'd the wild, they made the ſtrong to feare.

A glorious ſplendour of a luckie ſtar,
Lightned upon his birth a golden ſmile,
Portending valour, and ſucceſſe in war,
A thought which no diſhonour ſhould defile;
All croſſe aſpects his wiſedome did beguile:
For whatſoever ſtars ſeeme to importune,
Wiſedome predominates both fate, and fortune.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The *Spartans* once exil'd *Archilochus*,
The author of *Lycambe's* tragedie,
Becauſe he ſaid it was commodious,
Rather to caſt awaie his ſhield and flie,
Than boldelie to reſiſt, and bravelie die:
O if ſuch cowardiſe DRAKES minde had ſtained,
His valour never had ſuch honour gained.

Looke how th' induſtrious Bee in fragrant May,
When *Flora* guilts the earth with golden flowrs,
Invellop'd in her ſweete perfum'd aray,
Doth leave his hony-lim'd delicious bowrs,
More richly wrought than Princes ſtately towrs;
Waving his ſilken wings amid the aire,
And to the verdant gardens makes repaire:

Firſt fals he on a braunch of ſugred Tyme,
Then from the marigold he ſucks the ſweete,
And then the mint, and then the roſe doth clime,
Then on the budding roſmarie doth light,
Till with ſweete treaſure having charg'd his feete,
Late in the evening home he turnes againe;
Thus profite is the guerdon of his paine:

Sir Francis Drake.

So in the May-tide of his ſommer-age,
Valour enmov'd the minde of ventrous DRAKE,
To laie his life with windes, and waves in gage,
And bold, and hard adventures t'undertake,
Leaving his countrie for his countries ſake:
Loathing the life that cowardiſe doth ſtaine,
Preferring death, if death might honour gaine.

At *Cuba* ſilver, at *Coquimbo* gold;
At *China* cloth, and precious ſilkes he found;
Peaile at the Pearled Iles he did behold;
Rich Couchanelo hoarded did abound,
Imboſom'd in *Tichamachalco*'s ground:
Thus his induſtrious labour ſtill did raiſe
The publique profite, and his private praiſe.

As *Nilus* with his inundation
Vpon all *Ægypt* fertile fatneſſe ſhowrs;
Or as *Euphrates* on the *Chaldee* nation
An over-flowing floud of plenty powrs,
And graceth all the continent with flowrs:
So DRAKE his country fild with ſtore and plentie,
And filling it, himſelfe was almoſt emptie.

Whereas

Sir Francis Drake.

Whereas the night can never finde a place,
The ſuns eternall ſhining to aſſwage;
Whereas the ſun durſt never ſhew his face,
For feare of icye winters choaking rage;
Nations unknowne unto the antique age:
There hath he beene, and made eternall light,
Where, but for him, had beene eternall night.

Plung'd in the Ocean of perplexities,
With waves of death, and windes of blacke deſpaire,
Amid the *Scyllas* of uncertainties,
With ſourges of ſad death, and drery feare,
Which to the skies their billowes oft did reare;
Scorne-fortune DRAKE by fortunes rage was borne,
The more ſhee rag'd, the more he did her ſcorne.

Where diſmall dread, and agonizing death
Hovers about them with their helliſh wings,
Still threatning to intoxicate their breath,
And ſtop the conduicts of the vitall ſprings,
That nutrimentall ſpirites to them brings:
Even in the iaws of death did valor beare him,
That death himſelf might know DRAKE did not fear him.

Huge

Sir Francis Drake.

Huge mountaine Ilands of congealed ice,
Floating (like *Delos*) on the ſtormy maine,
Could not deterre him from his enterpriſe,
Nor bloud-congealing winters freezing paine,
Enforce him cowardlike turne backe againe:
Valour in greateſt danger ſhines moſt bright,
As full-fac'd *Phœbe* in the darkeſt night.

He that hath beene where none but he hath beene,
Leaving the world behinde him as he went;
He that hath ſeene that none but he hath ſeene,
Searching if any other world unkent,
Lay yet within the Oceans boſome pent:
Even he was DRAKE; ô could I ſaie he is!
No muſicke would revive the ſoule, like this.

He that did paſſe the ſtraites of *Magellane*,
And ſaw the famous Iland *Megadore*:
He that unto the Ile of *Mayo* came,
Where winter yeeldeth grapes in plenteous ſtore:
He that the Ile of *Fogo* paſs'd before,
A ſecond *Ætna*, where continuall ſmoake
Of brimſtone-burning vaultes the aire doth choake:

He

Sir Francis Drake.

He that at *Brava* ſaw perpetuall ſpring,
Gracing the trees with never-fading greene,
Like lawrell branches ever flouriſhing:
He that at *Tanrepaza*'s port had beene:
He that the rich *Molucces* Iles had ſeene:
He that a new-founde *Albion* deſcride,
And ſafely home againe his barke did guide:

He was (ô would he might have beene for ever!)
Victorious DRAKE, (for more he could not be:)
So much he was, till deſtiny did diſſever
His ſoule and body, (ô great cruelтie!)
Leaving this to the ſea, that to the skie,
But *England*, nothing, that firſt gave him breath,
Save everlaſting dolour for his death.

O would we ſtill had lack'd this legacie,
And heaven had beene contented with his fame!
O would the ſeas had miſt this treaſurie!
O would the earth had ioi'd his living name,
And *England* ever had enioi'd the ſame!
But now the ſeas, and heaven ioie in their treaſure,
But earth's, and *Englands* woe exceedes all meaſure.

O

Sir Francis Drake.

O heavens, why take you that which late you gave?
O ſeas, why hold you him that once held you?
O earth, how haſt thou miſs'd that thou didſt crave?
O *England*, how art thou bereft thy due?
O unto whom wilt thou for comfort ſue?
To earth? why that's partaker of thy mone:
To heavens? ah they with-hold that is thine owne!

O now deſcend my ever-mourning Muſe
Downe from the by-cliffe of thy ſiſters mount;
Forſake *Cytheron*, nor frequent the uſe
Of th' amber-weeping *Pegaſe-hooſe*-made fount,
Now prune thy wings, aloft thou maiſt not mount:
Sighe forth the humble modell of thy woe,
For ioie aſcends, but ſorrow ſings below:

Now change thy winter-ſcorning lawrel boughes,
That made thy temples ſwell with mounting braine;
And with ſad cypreſſe all begirt thy browes,
The drery enſignes of enſuing paine,
Sad preſentations of a tragicke vaine;
In whoſe broade leaves ſpectatours eies may ſee,
The deepe-grav'd characters of extaſie:

Now

Sir Francis Drake.

Now leave *Pernaſſus* heaven-aſpiring mountaine,
For ſad *Avernus* hel-depreſſed plaines:
Leave *Aganippes* hony-bubling fountaine,
Whereby the Muſes Chorus ſtill remaines,
And to the waters warble forth their ſtraines:
Leave *Aganippe* for the *Stygian* lake,
And for the fiendes, the Muſes ſongs forſake:

In ſteede of *Helicons* greene-varniſht grove,
Walke in the ſilent ſhade of *Erebus*;
In ſteede of *Ida* (where the ladies ſtrove
Before the braine-ſicke ſonne of *Priamus*,)
Frequent the bloomy walkes of *Tænarus*;
Wheare ſable Heben for the ſpringing bay,
Chaunge ioies aucoutrements for griefes aray.

Sorrow be thou my Muſe, ſadneſſe my ſong,
And death the ſubiect that I verſifie;
The deſtinies deſpight, and fortunes wronge
Is that which now I muſt hiſtorifie,
In ſilent cell of ſad melancholie:
My Heben pen ſhall poure out ynkie teares,
That he may weepe that reades, he ſigh that heares.

Why

Sir Francis Drake.

Why do I crave the fiendes, and furies aide,
To cauſe them weepe that cannot chooſe but mone?
What neede I ſtrive to make men more diſmaide?
Why ſhould I bid them doe that all have done?
Say but, great DRAKE is dead, who will not grone?
For he that heareth that, and ſheds not teares,
Who will not ſaie, he nourſed was of beares?

O you, whoſe adamantine-hard'ned harts,
Delight in nothing, but in tragedies;
Who ſit and ſmile at tortur'd wretches ſmarts,
Making your eares ſweete muſicke with their cries,
Sucking the teares diſtilling from their eies;
Singing when all the world doth weepe, ſave you,
Applauding that which all beſide doe rue:

Come heere, and reade (ô that noe eie might reade it!)
The end of him whom all did love, or feare:
Heare what is ſaide (ô that no tongue had ſaide it!)
His death, in whom all vertues numbred were;
And if you this can either reade, or heare,
Not ſuffring teares from yron eies to glide;
Boaſt you can doe that none can doe beſide.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But you milde ſpirites, that have wept out all,
When firſt you hard, that hardelie you beleev'd;
Feare not the ſounde, that have ſuſtain'd the fall,
And having borne the ſore that moſt you griev'd,
Shunne not the ſalve whereby you are releiv'd:
For having once ſuſtain'd the bullets wound,
What needе you feare the cānons harmeleſſe ſound?

Then tell, my Muſe, (if thou canſt tell for teares,)
When, how, and where he di'd, and tell no more;
This is enoughe, yea too much to rehearſe:
O would ſo much had not beene told before,
Nor ſhould hereafter (to our greeſe and ſore)
Be truelie told lô had not fate denied
That he, who ever lives, had never died!

Then had not love, and ſorrowe yet conſtrain'd
My out-caſt eaglet Muſe to looke ſo highe
As *Titans* beames, which now unneath ſuſtain'd,
Bewraye unto the world with dazeled eie
A baſe degenerate ympe of Poetrie:
Nor Critickes cenſure ſhould up-braid me ſo,
Thus to preſume to flie, that ſcarce can goe.

But

Sir Francis Drake.

But that which *Jove*, and deſtinie hath don,
Men may lament, but never diſanull:
And they that checke me for preſumption,
(When love conſtrain'd me write, though I were dull,)
Blaming preſumption, muſt praiſe love at full:
And eaſilie the fault may be redreſſed,
Where love, and dutie only have tranſgreſſed.

Now was the monthe that olde *Sextilis* name
Chaung'd by the *Roman* Senates ſage decree;
And glorying ſo to innovate the ſame,
To have himſelfe new-chriſt'ned did agree,
Proud, that *Auguſtus* God-father ſhould bee:
While *Ceres* clad him in a mantle fayre
Of bearded corne ſtill quavering with the ayre.

When as a royall fleete, with ioyfull mindes
(O how miſhap is neereſt ſtill to ioy!)
Daringe their hopes, and lives to ſea, and windes,
(Two truſtleſſe treaſurers, full of annoye,)
Did toward the weſterne *Indes* their courſe imploye;
Whoſe guide to DRAKE, & HAWKINS was aſſign'd;
When they went forth, ô who would ſtay behinde?

Whether

Sir Francis Drake.

Whether to win from *Spaine* that was not *Spaines*,
Or to acquite us of ſuſtained wronge,
Or intercept their *Indian* hoped gaines,
Thereby to weaken them, and make us ſtronge;
Heere to diſcuſſe, to me doth not belong:
Yet if griefe maie ſaie truth by natures lawes,
Ill was th'effect, how good ſo-ere the cauſe.

Now are they on the ſeas, reſolv'd to proove
The mercie of a mercie-wanting wave:
England behinde them lies, there lies their love:
Before them, and about them aire they have,
And ſometime foggie miſts their ſight bereave:
Beneath them, ſeas; above them, skies they finde:
Seas full of waves, skies threatning ſtormes & winde.

O *Neptune*, never like thy ſelfe in ſhew,
Inconſtant, variable, mutable,
How doſt thou *Proteus*-like thy forme renew?
O whereto is thy change imputable?
O whereunto art thou beſt ſuteable?
Rightly the moone predominateth thee,
For thou art all as changeable as ſhee.

Thus ſtill ambiguous twixt feare and hope,
Feare in the ſtormes, and hope in calmer tide;
Paſſing Saint *Michaels* promontorie toppe,
At length the bay of *Portingale* they ſpi'de,
Where not determining long time t' abide,
Againe they venter on their daungers ſource,
And to the Grand *Canaries* bend their courſe.

Now paſſe in ſilence, ô my drouping pen,
So manie famous townes and ports paſt by;
Some tooke, ſome burnt, ſome unaſſaulted then,
As that Port *Rico*, place of miſerie,
Where (ô!) great HAWKINS, & brave CLIFFORD lie:
The taking of the citty *Hatch* conceale,
Nor many other brave attempts reveale.

Only two baſe ignoble places tell,
Famous for nothing, but for death and dreade:
Where (ô!) that, which my Muſe lamentes, befell,
The ſtages where our tragedie was plaide,
Th' one *Scudo*, th' other *Portabella* ſaide:
Both to be raſed out of memorie,
But for memoriall of this tragedie.

Sir Francis Drake.

O wherefore ſhould ſo manie famous places,
Worthie eternall memorie and fame,
Be heere conceal'd, unworthy ſuch diſgraces,
And theſe two ſhould be regiſtred by name,
Though meritorious of eternall blame?
But ſome are ſometime named to their ſhames;
And therefore muſt I tell theſe places names.

Whether of both was in the greateſt fault,
I know not, nor I care not much to knowe:
(Far deeper paſſions now my minde aſſault:)
Thus much I know (ô that I knew not ſo!)
Both iointlie ioin'd to aggravate our woe;
Since he on whom his countries hope relied,
At *Scudo* ſick'ned, at *Port bella* died.

Accurſed Ile, whoſe life-impoys'ning aire,
Intoxicates his ſanctified breath!
But moſt accurſed porte, that did impaire
That fleſh, compacted of the pureſt earth,
And made the ſame a ſacrifice to death!
O let them languiſh in eternall night,
That did extinguiſh earths faire-ſhining light!

Sir Francis Drake.

O let theſe places be earth's diſmall hell,
Th' inhabitants eternall-tortur'd ghoſts,
The ſnaky-hayred Furies loathſome cell,
Swarming with fiends, and damned ſpirites hoaſts,
And palpable thick fogs infect the coaſts:
And bee this never-ending purgatorie,
A place of pennance for DRAKES wofull ſtory.

O ſoule, exhale out of thy deepeſt center,
The ſorow-ſobbing ſighes of extaſie;
O let thy voice heavens territories enter,
Breathe forth into the aires concavitie
The diſmall accents of thy tragedie:
Call heaven and earth to witneſſe of thy woe,
How that thy griefe doth heaven and earth oreflowe.

O let our clamours to the ſkies repaire;
O let our ſmoake-exhalinge breaths enfold
A mightie cloud of ſighes amid the aire,
Like vapours in the element enrold,
By Sol's attractive powre expellinge cold;
Till being diſſolv'd, they ſhall on earth againe
Powre downe a deluge of teare-ſhowring raine.

Sir Francis Drake.

Now duſkie clouds have overcaſt the ſunne,
That lately bright tranſlucent ſplendour ſhed
In radiant rayes, that from his beames did runne
Into earth's eies, with darkeneſſe dazeled,
Since firſt theſe clouds his face incurtained:
A darke eclipſe obſcures his ſhining light,
That latelie made cleare day in darkeſt night.

Behold the loftie Cedars ſtately toppe,
Whilome attir'd in ſummers rich aray,
That in the ſkies his prowd head did enwrap:
Now are his greene-ſilke leaves gon to decay.
His tufted boughes, and braunches ſalne awaie:
And ſince his nutrimentall ſap is periſht,
He falling breakes the trees he lately cheriſht.

He that the braveſt Champion was accounted
Boldlie t' incounter with the proudeſt foe:
Now from his ſtatelie courſer is diſmounted,
And hath by death receiv'd an overthrowe,
Vnto the worldes inconſolable woe:
The tournament turn'd to lamenting teares,
And all the triumphs into ruthfull teares.

Sir Francis Drake.

A ſacred temple edified to Fame,
Where Honour annuallie did ſacrifice
An holy Hecatombe to her name,
Now, level'd with the earth, everted lies:
This onlie comfort have the votaries;
That though the temple thus be over-blowne,
The ſacred Saint ſhall nere be overthrowne.

The vulture anguiſh fireth on my mawe,
Sorrow hath ſeiſed on my grieved hart:
There doth he without intermiſſion gnawe,
From hence the other never can depart,
But ſtill begins, and never endes my ſmart:
And thus poore I, twixt ſorrow and twixt anguiſh,
Doe neither live nor die, but alwaie languiſh.

Ay me! what ſhall I doe this griefe t' alaie?
Shall I with fained ſmiles my ſmart conceale?
Ah no! like fire, it will it ſelfe bewraie:
Or ſhall I ſue to heaven his backe repeale?
Ah no! ſuch ſutes with heaven can nere prevaile:
What therefore ſhall I doe this griefe t' alaie?
Still grieve, till Death take griefe and life awaie.

Sir Francis Drake.

O Death inhouſ'd in hells profundities,
Now excerciſe on mee thy tyranie:
Anatomize me into atomies,
Set period to my full-falne extaſie,
Prolong no longer this long tragedie:
O Death, ſome eaſe unto my ſorrow ſend:
For Death, they ſay, doth griefe and ſorrow end.

What ſay they? Death doth griefe and ſorrow end?
O how they are deceav'd in ſaying ſo!
Death onlie did this griefe and ſorrow ſend:
Death was the onlie agent of our woe:
Death was our drerie, and our diſmall foe:
For had not Death himſelfe ſubdued DRAKE,
The world beſide could not him captive make.

This onelie comfort is unto us left,
(O ſimple comfort in ſo great diſtreſſe!)
That no prowd *Spaniard* hath his life bereft;
No man may boaſt he cauſ'd our wretchedneſſe,
Nor triumph he ſubdued earths worthineſſe:
But onlie Death our treaſure hath bereaven,
And that was due to earth, he gave to heaven.

Sir Frantis Drake.

To heaven? ah! why is heaven covetous?
Why are the Gods (ô pardon griefe) ſo greedie,
To raviſh from the earth the precious,
And leave to us th' unworthy, baſe, and needie?
O heavens, what can our harmes and loſſes ſteed yee?
Ah *Jove*! if thou beeſt rightly term'd a giver, (her?
Why doſt thou take from earth that ſhoulde relieve

An high diſdaine enrag'd the *Macedon*,
And gall did grate againſt his eager breſt,
Dreading, his father all the world had won,
And meaſur'd with his ſword from eaſt to weſt,
And he ſhould languiſh in ignoble reſt:
Wherefore he often wiſht, two worldes had bin,
One for his father, one for him to win.

As great as *Alexander* in renowne,
In vertue greater far then ever hee,
Great DRAKE on nature ſometime ſeem'd to frowne,
That but one world, and that all knowne ſhould be;
Wherefore he ſought ſome other world to ſee:
Vntill at length to heaven he did attaine,
And finding heaven, ſcorn'd to returne againe.

At

Sir Francis Drake.

As one, that vowes a ſolemne pilgrimage
To ſome canoniz'd Saints religious ſhrine,
Doth leave his ſolitarie hermitage,
And with a new-incenſed zeale divine,
Vnto devotion doth his minde incline:
Paſſing the way and day in meditation,
Beguiling both with holy contemplation:

At length with often-tired tedious race,
Alwaie invoking Saints ſucceſſive aide,
Arriveth at the ſanctified place,
Where, after all his oriſons are ſaide,
And due oblations to his Saint are paide;
Raviſht in ſpirite with devoted zeale,
Becomes a Prieſt, and will not home repeale.

So DRAKE, the pilgrime of the world, intending
A vowed voyage unto Honours ſhrine,
At length his pilgrimage in heaven had ending,
Where raviſht with the ioies more than divine,
That in the temple of the Gods doe ſhine:
There did a never-dying life renew,
Bidding baſe earth, and all the world, adewe.

Inten-

Sir Francis Drake.

Intending for to worke his countries pleaſure,
O cruell chance! he wrought his countries paine:
And minding to augment faire *Englands* treaſure,
(Alaſſe!) he drowned in the *Ocean* maine
The richeſt treaſure *England* did containe;
Save one rare iewell, whoſe rich price is ſuch,
As none can either prize, or praiſe too much.

What treaſure was it then that DRAKE hath loſt?
It was not ſilver, ſilver yeeldes to gold:
It was not gold, pearle is of greater coſt:
Nor pearle, for precious ſtones are dearer ſold:
Yet precious ſtones this treaſure did not hold:
O no! it was himſelfe, more worth alone,
Then ſilver, gold, or pearle, or precious ſtone.

O dire miſchance! ô lamentable loſſe,
Impov'riſhing the riches of our Ile!
O wherefore ſhould ſiniſter deſtinie croſſe,
And with her frowne incurtaine fortunes ſmile?
O now I ſee ſhe ſmiles but to beguile!
O Fortune alwaie to deſerts unkinde!
That *England* loſt, not all the world can finde.

Sir Francis Drake.

O let us looſe our ſight with ſhedding teares,
And with eternall weeping looſe our eies,
Looſe breath with ſighes, looſe minde with drerie feares,
Looſe ſence with terror, and looſe voice with cries,
Still meditating on our miſeries:
Since we have found his loſſe, he loſt his breath;
Since we haue loſt his helpe, he found his death.

But ô! why doe we breake our hearts with griefe,
And to the ſenceleſſe aire ſighe forth our grones?
Sith all in vaine, heavens ſend us no reliefe,
But ſtop their eares againſt our piteous mones;
Our ſighes as ſoone maie penetrate the ſtones,
As heavens hard eares: ô therefore doe we plaine,
And therefore weepe, becauſe we weepe in vaine.

We weepe in vaine, becauſe for him we weepe,
Since he with ſaints in thought-ſurmounting ioie,
At *Joves* great feſtivall doth revell keepe,
Where neither ſcarcitie doth him annoie,
Nor loath'd ſatietie his minde accloy:
O ſince that he from us is gone to bliſſe,
We doe lament our owne miſhap, not his.

The

Sir Francis Drake.

The faireſt plot in all th' *Elyſian* field,
By *Joves* commaund, is unto him aſſign'd;
And heavens eternall Summer-houſe doth yeeld,
A paradiſe unto his ſoule refin'd,
For ſacred contemplation of the minde:
And as of men to Gods he was the neereſt,
So now to *Jove* of Gods he is the deereſt.

And if his death be rightfully reſpected,
Some ioie it hath to mitigate our woe;
For that which for our country is effected,
Is good, though death with theſe effectes doth goe,
And well he dies, that dies gainſt countries foe:
Therefore though death unto him did betide,
(O ioyfull end!) DRAKE for his countrie died.

DRAKE for his country died; ô ioyfull end!
This ioyfull ende beganne his countries woe:
His glorious death his country did defend,
And yet his death did grieve his country ſo,
As flouds of ſorrow doe her overflowe:
Well did he die, that for his country died,
Had not his countries death to his beene tied.

This

Sir Francis Drake.

This end began our woe, ended our pleaſure;
This end did end our weale, began our paine;
This end began our loſſe, ended our treaſure;
This end did end our mirth, began our plaine;
This end began our griefe, ended our gaine;
This end did end releife, began annoy:
O then no ioyfull end, but end of ioy!

Spaine, clap thy hands, while wee our hands do wringe;
And while wee weepe, laughe thou at our diſtreſſe:
While wee doe ſob and ſighe, ſit thou and ſinge;
Smile thou, while wee lament with heavineſſe;
While wee our griefe, do thou thy ioy expreſſe:
Since hee, who made us triumph, and thee quake,
Hath ceaſ'd to live; ô moſt victorious DRAKE!

Proud *Spaine*, although our Dragon be bereft us,
Wee rampant Lions have enowe for thee:
Magnanimous ESSEX (heav'ns delight) is left vs;
And ô long may the heavens let him be!
Greate COMBERLAND and HOWARD yet have wee;
And ô long may wee have them, and enioy
Theſe worthies, to our welth, and thine annoy.

Theſe

Sir Francis Drake.

Theſe yet ſurvive (ô may they ſo for ever!)
To make eternall thunder in thine eares
With their hart-daunting names, and (like a fever)
To make thee tremble all diſtraught with feares,
When thou th' alarume of their trumpets heares:
ELISA lives, and while ELISA raignes,
One *England* neede not feare an hundred *Spaines*.

And that deare bodie held in *Neptunes* wombe,
By *Jove* ſhalbe tranſlated to the ſkie:
The ſea no more, heaven then ſhall be his tombe,
Where he a new-made ſtar eternallie
Shall ſhine, tranſparent to ſpectatours eie:
A feareful! Comet in the ſight of *Spaine*,
But ſhall to us a radiant light remaine.

He, who alive to them a Dragon was,
Shalbe a Dragon unto them againe:
For with his death his terrour ſhall not paſſe,
But ſtill amid the aire he ſhall remaine
A dreadfull Meteor in the eie of *Spaine*:
And as a fierie Dragon, ſhall portend
Englandes ſucceſſe, and *Spaines* diſaſter end.

Knowne

Sir Francis Drake.

Knowne to the heavens by honour long before,
Now by the preſence of th'immortall ſoule,
O new-made ſaint,(for now a man no more)
Admit my tender infant Muſe t'inroule
Thy name in honours everlaſting ſcroule:
What though thy prayſes cannot live by me?
Yet may I hope to live by prayſing thee.

And may thy prayſes live a while by me,
Though prayſing thus I doe but ſtaine thy praiſe:
And I awhile may live by prayſing thee,
Vntill ſome heavenlie Muſe begin to rayſe
Thy fame from grave to live eternall dayes:
If ominous birds beguile not with their ſong,
I augurize,this ſhall be done ere long.

Phœbus himſelfe ſhall chronicle thy fame,
And of a radiant ſunne-beame make the pen;
The inke,the milke whence Via Lactea came;
Th'empyrean heaven,the volume ſhalbe then;
To regiſter this miracle of men:
The ſunne and moone,the letters capitall;
The ſtars,the commas and the periods all.

Joves

Sir Francis Drake.

Joves ſilver foote-ſtoole ſhall be librarie,
That ſhall theſe Actes and Monuments containe;
Which that they maie to after ages tarie,
And as a true memoriall ſtill remaine,
Eternitie is th' adamantine chaine:
And that the heavẽs ſtil on DRAKES praiſe may look,
The Gods ſhall reade, and Saintes peruſe the booke.

Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Dignè ſcripſerit?

FINIS.